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# 25 DATELINE


OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA

## TH ANNIVERSARY







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# DATELINE

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA

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25th Anniversary Issue

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EDITOR: Thomas Griffith

MANAGING EDITOR: Frank Shea

ART DIRECTOR: Arnold Drapkin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Marshall Loeb  
Richard L. Williams

RESEARCHER: Deborah Hanson Murphy

PICTURE EDITOR: Geraldine Small

PHOTOGRAPHER: Walter Daran

LAYOUT & PRODUCTION: Jay Bell  
Erwin Edelman  
Frank Nigra  
Sal Randazzo

PUBLISHER: Arthur G. Milton,  
N.Y. Journal American

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Bernard Frazier

ASSISTANT DIRECTORS: John E. Sattler  
Robert J. Stone

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Will Yolen

## Officers of the Overseas Press Club

PRESIDENT: Barrett McGurn

VICE PRESIDENTS: Will Yolen  
Hal Lehrman  
Lin Root  
Bruno Shaw

TREASURER: Matthew Huttner

SECRETARY: Will Oursler

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## A Warm Welcome

to all guests of the Overseas Press Club, as it celebrates its 25th Anniversary, and honors the top American correspondents of the year in its Silver Jubilee awards.

## And Special Thanks

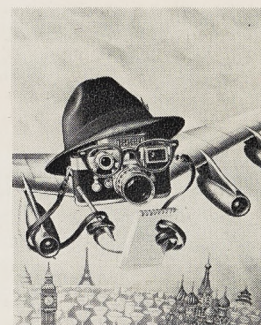
to the many craftsmen—writers, artists and photographers—who generously contributed their services to this 25th Anniversary edition of DATELINE.

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## The Cover

The urbane painter of more than 200 TIME covers—and many of TIME's best-remembered ones—Boris Artzybasheff has a sardonic eye for what is engagingly human about machines and what is disturbingly mechanical about man. With DATELINE's cover, he catches the foreign correspondent on the wing, and adds him to his memorable gallery.





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**UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL**



# Why do more people watch The Huntley-Brinkley Report than any other television news program?

On the surface, there's no ready answer.

True, Chet Huntley is a careful, articulate reporter. He's unusually well-informed, a sound analyst of issues and events, and he brings a depth of experience to his job. But other networks have qualified newsmen, too.

True, David Brinkley has a perceptive eye and a searching mind. He also has an engaging writing style and delivery that bring each day's happenings into sharp focus. But other newsmen have some of these characteristics.

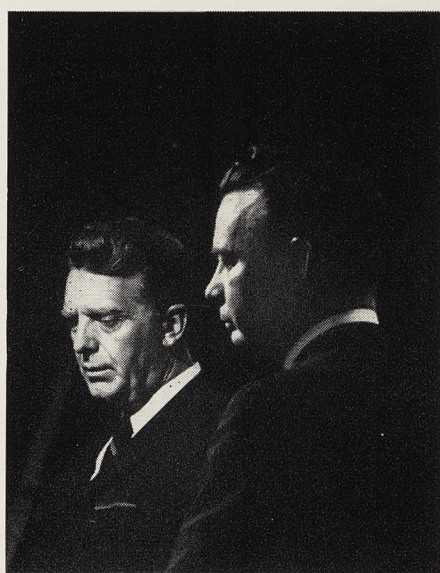
Huntley and Brinkley are only a partial answer.

Nor is the whole answer in the scope and resources of NBC News, the largest of all broadcast news organizations. After all, the other network companies have competent staffs, well-placed bureaus and reliable sources, too.

Yet, one fact is clear. By every available yardstick of national audience measurement, more people do watch the five-night-a-week Huntley-Brinkley Report than any other network news program. What, then, is the reason for its consistent leadership?

We believe it to be a singular determination to report the news and its significance fully and fairly—not merely so that it be understood, but so that it cannot be *mis*-understood.

It begins with broadcasting's most news-minded administration. It flows through all levels of the NBC Tele-



vision Network and NBC News.

It characterizes the enterprising teams that support the on-the-air efforts of Huntley and Brinkley and such frequently contributing NBC correspondents as John Chancellor from Europe, Elie Abel from Washington, and James Robinson from Southeast Asia.

And this determination is reflected in performance on the Huntley-Brinkley Report, performance which conveys to the viewer more information, a greater depth of analysis, and a keener sense of the world around him. As one viewer

put it, "I just feel that when I watch Huntley and Brinkley, I've got a better idea of what's going on."

Resolution and resources, purpose and people create a news program that uniquely serves the needs and interests of television viewers across the nation.

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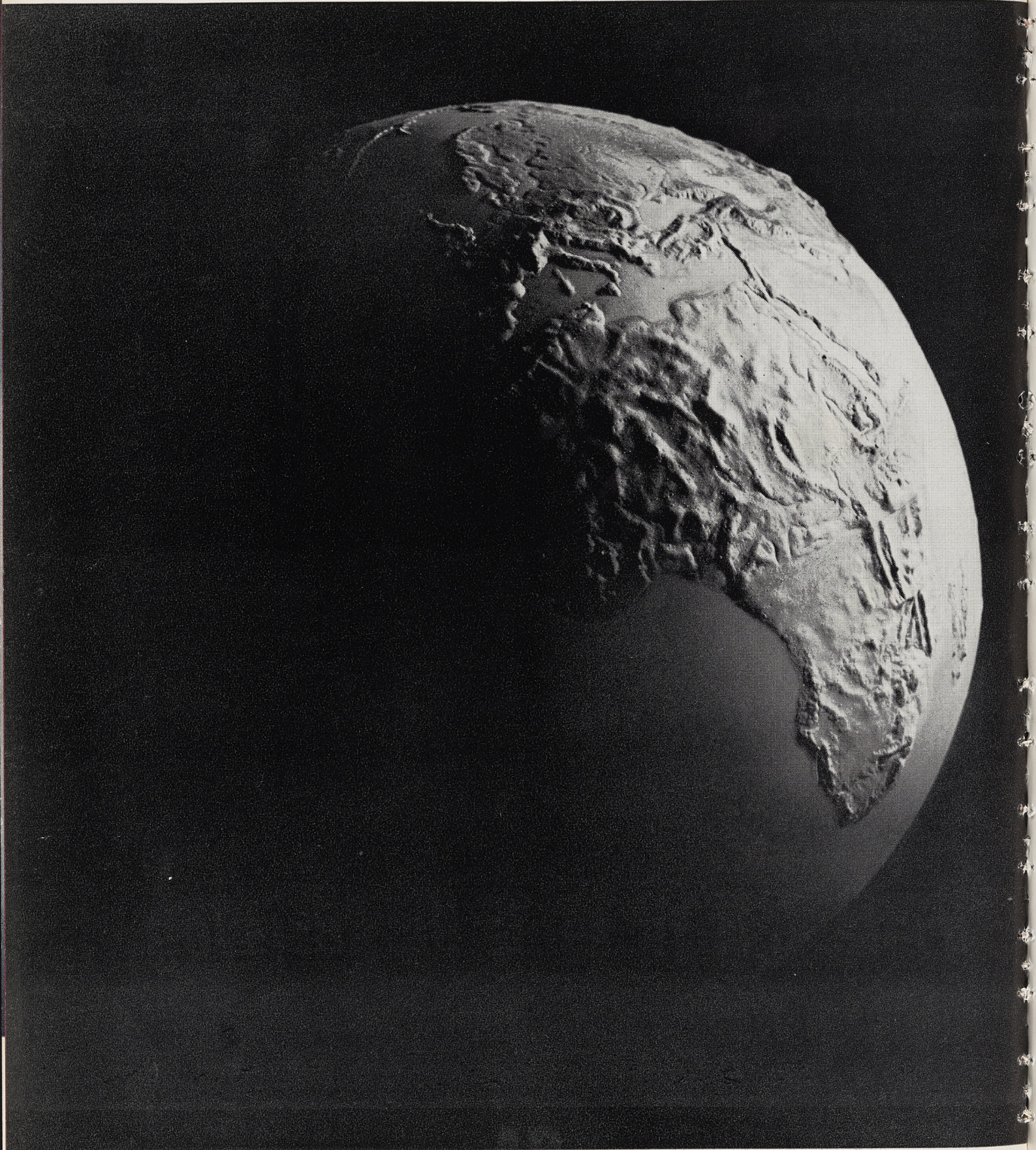
## THE HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT

*Executive Producer—Reuven Frank. Supported regularly by news reports from national NBC News bureaus in Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Washington; foreign bureaus in Beirut, Berlin, Bonn, Brussels, Hong Kong, London, Nairobi, New Delhi, Ottawa, Paris, Rio De Janeiro, Rome, Tokyo; and, when the occasion demands, by a staff of 800 around the world.*





**...Covering all sides of this story**



**AP**

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS







## Annual Reports

Following are some of the reports submitted by Club committees at the Annual Meeting.

### HOMECOMING FORUM

Foreign correspondents, coming home from their posts abroad, are seldom at a loss for words. But I think that many of us have, from time to time, experienced a shortage of listeners. One gets ready to deliver a pronouncement about the situation in Eastern Thrace, clears his throat, and finds the conversation suddenly has turned to the miniskirt situation on Fifth Avenue.

Thus the Homecoming Forum was conceived in 1967 by the OPC's new administration. It was designed to give the returning correspondent a chance not only to clear his throat, but to say something. Not only that, but to give him an audience more or less pledged to keep quiet for 20 or 30 minutes and, at the very least, to pretend to listen to his views with deep attention.

He could thus "debrief" himself, in the words of *Hal Lehrman*, get off his chest some of the things he hadn't gotten around to previously or didn't want to put in writing, and answer questions from enlightened listeners.

The Homecoming Forum was first under the chairmanship of *Dick Johnston*, who had to relinquish the job because of the press of other duties and assignments. The undersigned took his place in mid-summer.

There have been, to date, five such Forums, all lively, well-attended and in my view thoroughly worthwhile. *John Hughes*, the Hong Kong-based Pulitzer Prize winner of *The Christian Science Monitor*, was the trail-blazer with an excellent analysis of Southeast Asia, including Viet Nam, on Sept. 26. *George Weller* of *The Chicago Daily News* returned from Rome and the Middle East as the next speaker, on Oct. 4. His topic was "Cause and Aftermath in the Middle East."

There followed, on Dec. 5, a sensitive and articulate report from Viet Nam by *Sol Sanders* of the *US News and World Report*, back from his base in Bangkok for a fellowship of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Steve McCormick, vice-president in charge of news for the Mutual Broadcasting System, gave a forthright eyewitness account of the start of the Tet offensive in Viet Nam in a Forum appearance on Feb. 20. On Feb. 29, *Waverley Root*, back from Paris, told us what was good — not bad — in Franco-American relations.

That's where we stand now.

The five Forum speakers were by no

means the only volunteers.

Several other OPCers offered to appear but could not because of conflicting schedules or other technical difficulties.

Several prospects are in line now for future appearances.

One problem has been coordinating — or failing to coordinate — the Forum appearances with possible dates out of town, a matter in the hands of the Lecture Committee and not the Homecoming Forum. The out-of-town dates require advance notice of at least two months. This many returning OPC members find difficult to give. We can line up a Forum with as little as three weeks' notice.

Webb McKinley

### FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Activities of the Freedom of the Press Committee are not ordinarily characterized by notable achievements in the usual sense, and the five months during which I have been chairman are no exception. No correspondent has been released from jail, no correspondent has been readmitted to a country from which he was expelled, and no government has apologized for or rescinded any action abridging what we understand as freedom of the press because of any action directly attributable to the Overseas Press Club.

The committee cabled protests to the foreign governments concerned in the following three cases:

1. The expulsion of *Tad Szulc* of *The New York Times* and Roger Stone of *Time* magazine and the harassment of AP and UPI correspondents in Lisbon by the Portuguese government in December.

2. The expulsion of Everett Martin of *Newsweek* by the South Vietnamese government in January.

3. The detention of Greek publisher Helen Vlachos by the Greek government in October (while *John Wilhelm* was still chairman of the committee).

In addition, I called the Passport Office in Washington in January regarding the delay in issuing a passport valid for Cuba to one David Conde, an American correspondent in Tokyo representing a Canadian magazine and several British newspapers in Hong Kong, who had assignments from them to cover a cultural congress in Cuba. The passport had already been issued to Conde several days before my call.

The committee declined to protest the expulsion of two other American newsmen after investigation by their organizations failed to produce clear-cut cases of press freedom abridgement.

We have several other cases of general nature pending. All of them involve

(See page 7)

## LONDON REUNION: A MEMORY-FILLED 'FAMILY' PARTY

By HELEN ALPERT

A select family party, all of whose members are intimately bound by the brotherhood of memory, filled the OPC dining room Friday for a reunion evening of reminiscences.

The occasion was the 27th anniversary of London's WWII "travail by bombing," as *Edward R. Murrow* had put it. Distinguished London-based British and American war correspondents came to re-travel the decades and to hallow the reunion with personal testimonials to London, to each other, and to *Edward R. Murrow* and *George Hicks*, "the gentle giant."

Welcoming the family group to dinner was *Mary Hornaday*, herself an alumna of wartime London, in her first official role as newly-elected OPC First Vice-President.

*John MacVane*, UN correspondent for ABC, led the round-robin of informal reminiscences from the dais, introducing in turn BBC's *Anthony Wigan*, *Gordon Fraser* of NBC, *Jim Greenfield*, *Westinghouse Broadcasting*, and *Bob Estabrook*, UN correspondent for the *Washington Post*.

Chief speaker was Sir *William Haley*, knighted for his heroic record as WWII editor-in-chief and director general of BBC. Now editor-in-chief of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Sir *William* saluted his audience and Sen. *William Benton* at ringside by noting: "It is a tragedy that terrible things like war bring us together, while peace allows us to drift apart."

Chairman of the Reunion Committee, oldest OPC committee, is *Ed Cunningham*, assisted this year by *Paul Wright*, British Information chief, *Ruth Stark*, who sent pitchers of *Whitbread beer*, and *British Travel Association*.

### FUND FLYER FINALLY FLIES

A leaflet describing the services of the Correspondents Fund is included in this mailing of *The Bulletin*.

This is the flyer which was to have been inserted in an earlier *Bulletin* mailing but which was withdrawn at the last minute to make room for an emergency flyer.



# NY Column and Its Columnists Due For Salute From the Club

Some famous byliners will be at the Club June 5, when the OPC salutes Manhattan's new paper, *The New York Daily Column*, and its contributors.

Many of the sixty syndicated writers and political cartoonists who appear in the two-month old paper will be on the dais for the dinner (preceded by a reception). Twelve of them are past presidents and officers of the OPC.

Their message will be, essentially, that the new paper plans to be around for a long, long time. The new paper's ambitions, and a view of its place and need on the New York newspaper scene also will be discussed.

Among those expected at the dinner will be contributors Walter Winchell, Bob Considine, Victor Riesel, Jack O'Brian, Roscoe Drummond and Harry

Golden, as well as some of the new paper's executives.

"We are grateful, indeed, to the Overseas Press Club for its support and for the boost given to us by this special welcome," publisher Jerry Finkelstein said. "The Daily Column is a young, healthy paper, and we are immensely proud of our contributors. It is great to feel that we have been accepted by the community; it is an even greater pleasure to be accepted by the profession."

OPC President Hal Lehrman will preside at the function, being produced by Past President Will Yolen, a member of Whit Burnett's Program Council. The event grew out of an idea sparked by OPC Governor (and *Daily Column* writer) Irene Corbally Kuhn.

The paper's list of contributors

reads like a "Who's Who" of syndication journalism. Besides those already mentioned, it includes:

Robert Allen and Paul Scott, Joseph Alsop, Jerome Agel, Phyllis Battelle, Charles Bartlett, Betty Beale, Poppy Cannon, Oleg Cassini, John Chamberlain, Marquis Childs, John Crosby, Jeanne Dixon, Stanton Delaplane, Dorothy Draper, Hy Gardner, Joyce Haber, Edith Head, Eric Hoffer, Robert Hutchins, Russell Kirk, Ann Landers, David Lawrence, Joe Livingston, Don MacLean, Dorothy Manners, Ralph McGill, Marianne Means, Eugene Miller, Raymond Moley, Edward P. Morgan, Milton Moscowitz, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Jim Murray, William Pahlmann, Charles Rensselaer, Inez Robb, Carl Rowan, Elmer Roessner, Joseph R. Slevin, Roger Spear, Martin Steadman, Henry J. Taylor, William S. White, Emily Wilkins, Whitney Young, Eliot Janeway and Jack Zanger.

President of the new enterprise is Newton Glekel, former President of Divco-Wayne Corp.; Executive Vice President is Theodore Feit; Editor, William Taylor, former news Editor of *The New York Herald Tribune*; Consulting Editor, Myron Kandel, former Financial Editor of *The Tribune* and now Editor, *The New York Law Journal*; and Len Safir, Assistant to the Publisher.

## NEW YORK SCENE

Mon., May 20 - "Meet the Team" Reception. Members' get-together with 1968-69 Officers and Board of Governors. Hot hors d'oeuvre, cash bar. 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.

\* \* \*

Mon., May 27 - Memorial Wall Service for correspondents recently killed in Viet Nam and Germany. 5:15 p.m.

\* \* \*

Tues., May 28 - Edward R. Murrow World Affairs Forum, "The Siege of Khe Sanh," with Col. David E. Lownds, USMC Regimental Commander at Khe Sanh. 12:30 p.m. \$4.50.

\* \* \*

Wed., June 5 - The New York Daily Column personality evening. Reception for outstanding contributors to New York's new evening paper. Cocktails 6:30 p.m.; dinner 7:30. \$6.00. (See story above).

\* \* \*

## Schutzer Retrospective

Thurs., June 6 - Photographic Exhibit Opening, "In Memoriam - Paul Schutzer." Reception, ballroom, 6:30 p.m.

A collection of photographs by the late *Life* photographer, Paul Schutzer, will be presented on the first anniversary of his death in the Mideast war. Present will be his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hyman B. Schutzer, and his widow, Bernice, as well as many friends and colleagues.

\* \* \*

Wed., June 19 - Edward R. Murrow World Affairs Forum, Luncheon, with Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, on the dedication of the Murrow Memorial Library and Ruth Houghton Axe Press Room. Open House (Library) 6:00 p.m.; dinner 7:30 p.m. \$6.00.

\* \* \*

Program Note: The story of Ghana's new hardwon approach to economic and political stability is told on "International Interview" program this Wednesday at 10 p.m. (Channel 31, UHF), when UN Ambassador Richard M. Akwei of Ghana is interviewed by Maurice Adams, Sydney (Australia) *Morning Herald*; Valerie Gerry, *Newsweek* Associate Editor and UN correspondent, and James Sheldon, Club treasurer and political writer. The program is produced by Sylvia Taylor in cooperation with the OPC.

All reservations not cancelled 24 hours in advance will be charged to member's accounts.

## 'OPC NIGHT' SET AT SOCCER MATCH

It will be OPC Night at Yankee Stadium Friday, July 26, when the New York Generals Soccer Club plays host to OPCers and their families.

Members and their guests will sit in choice group spots in the Stadium to watch the game - when the Generals play the Kansas City Spurs in a North American Soccer League match at 8 p.m.

Mail reservations, through Frank O'Rourke at the Club, should be made early.

Both teams have many world-renowned players from abroad. The Generals' roster includes players from England, Argentina, Jamaica, Trinidad and Haiti; the Spurs have a similar lineup.

William F. Goodrich, PR man for the Generals, is cooperating with President Hal Lehrman in setting up the OPC night.



**Ambassador Galbraith  
Calls These Three  
Correspondents  
"First-Rate Scholars"**



HARRISON AT WORK



GRIMES IN THE HIMALAYAS



BRADSHER ON THE TRAIL

diced. Out goes a telegram of warning. "We note with some concern . . ."

The danger that any politically experienced person will say anything really damaging is slight. In the course of two and a half years, I found myself in hot water only once. (That was a careless and somewhat disputable endorsement of one part of Pakistan's claim to Kashmir made at a press briefing in Washington which was relayed back to New Delhi at something greater than the speed of light. And like the rest of last year's headlines it had no permanent residue.) I also found that an ambassador can stand off this nitpicking as, I am sure, many do. My formula was to ignore it except for an occasional very rude response. In the end, it stopped. But quite a few less securely situated people would have clammed up. As a result, they would have denied

both themselves and the country valuable information. They would have a perfect record of no errors and no indiscretions at the price of a much reduced understanding at the post and at home.

The remedy is scarcely novel. It is to see the problem of press relations as one of maintaining a high score. The man who seeks to avoid all error, all misinterpretation, will say nothing and do the worst job. He will live, as do a surprising number of our officials, in a mentally crippling fear of his own tongue. The man who consistently puts his foot in his own mouth and that of the press should obviously be retired or loaned to Barry Goldwater. The man who maintains a steady flow of guidance and information should be told that he is allowed an occasional error or mishap. Washington must, of course, know this and restrain itself accordingly. ■





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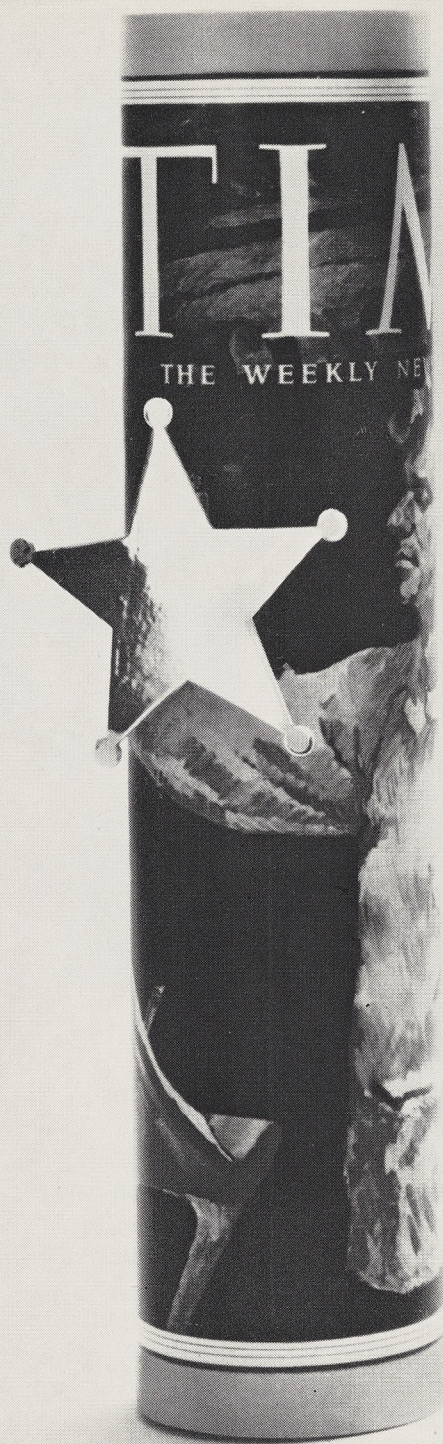
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## Authority

Whether TIME reports the geopolitics of African Nationalism, reviews a smash musical at Drury Lane or studies industrial Japan, it speaks with the authority of the largest news-gathering service of any magazine anywhere. TIME correspondents in 34 news bureaus around the world help provide the authority, immediacy and insight which attract 2,950,000 leadership families to TIME each week. And these better-off, better-positioned families wield significant authority themselves—in the marketplace. They comprise the largest selective market for quality goods and services in America today.



# Goodbye To The Scoop Artist In A Trench Coat

by John M. Hightower

*The word around Washington is that you can't tell by watching John Hightower whether he is dictating a hot bulletin or a Sunday advance. He is cool under pressure, and he has worked under a lot of it in the 20 years he has covered the State Department (and eight successive Secretaries) for the A.P. From this vantage point he writes of the role, responsibilities and qualifications of the perceptive foreign correspondent.*

WE think of him as a romantic figure traditionally hidden in a dirty trench coat under a snap-brim hat. His hunting preserve is the Orient Express. He is the lineal descendant of Richard Harding Davis and the inspiration of uncounted movies, television shows and journalism freshmen. In this legendary guise he belongs to an earlier age of kings and heroes when *Pax Britannica* gave shape, if not peace, to the world, and diplomacy was strictly the business of diplomats.

Diplomacy no longer belongs strictly to diplomats; nor politics to politicians, and the editor may now look in vain for a scoop artist wrapped in waterproof twill. In fact, the editor may not be looking for a scoop artist at all, whatever his garb, for journalism today, and especially the job of the foreign correspondent, aims less at sensation and more at understanding than ever before.

The world is possibly a duller place for this. But the devil-may-care reporter who flourished in an orderly, optimistic era could hardly have survived into an age of pessimism and revolution. He served a readership which followed in comfortable, post-Victorian security the stories of violence or discovery on some remote frontier. Today's reader can see the satellite orbit in his

own sky and knows that where the satellite flies the bomb may fly also. One assumes he still likes an exotic flavor in the dateline—but not at the expense of facts and real insight.

The difference for journalism in America really is the difference between the world of the Thirties and the world of the Fifties. Any reader with gray in his hair can remember when Adolf Hitler was only a distant menace and communism in Russia was regarded by many people as some kind of noble experiment in a better way of life. Newsmen who covered foreign policy in Washington dealt essentially with a story of U.S. isolation and disengagement from world affairs. Those who reported from abroad with few exceptions had to depend on the spectacular and sensational to win front-page space. The average reader felt no such engagement of his fate in foreign affairs as he felt in domestic events.

Today the United States government conducts foreign relations with millions of interested citizens looking over its shoulder. This puts a heavy responsibility on the foreign correspondent specifically, and on press, radio and television generally. For if a citizen's judgment about what the government should do is to be reasonably sensible



it must be based on sound information. That information he must obtain from a steady flow of news reports, which should tell him not only what is going on but also why it is going on.

Since the government also has an interest in an informed citizenry, it is sometimes said that this turn of events has made partners of officials and newsmen. If every citizen may have the impulse to be his own Secretary of State, then the man who, like Dean Rusk, actually has the job must at least seek a popular consensus on major issues. But secrecy is a convenience for officials conducting foreign affairs even when it is not a necessity, whereas secrecy is anathema to the newsmen. The real interests of journalists and policymakers generate a love-hate relationship. What the two groups must accept is that both are necessary to the functioning of a democracy.

Sometimes, of course, their interests coincide in a peculiar way. During the Cuban missile crisis 18 months ago, the late President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev found they could not exchange messages fast enough through official cables, and they used the international news wires to conduct their negotiations. The effect was to bring the whole reading and listening world to the edge of the conference table where for two breathless weeks it watched the principal antagonists in the drama work their way carefully back from the brink of military conflict.

Once the emergency was ended the normal instincts of officials reasserted themselves. The governments in Washington and Moscow began talking about a direct line for secret communications between the White House and the Kremlin in any future crisis. This arrangement was finally completed last year. If the line had been in existence in the autumn of 1962, the exchanges that were conducted in public might have been held secretly. The task of covering the historic confrontation would have produced far less information and far less public understanding of the issues.

**W**ITH so much of national importance hanging on the work of the correspondent—whether foreign or domestic—the question often arises whether he is adequate to his responsibilities. In the academic world one hears that trained economists should be employed in reporting economic affairs and political scientists in reporting politics. The idea can be carried into other areas of prime journalistic concern.

But such arguments seem to overlook one of the major functions of the working reporter. Quite apart from the fact that he should be rea-

sonably literate and should understand the techniques of his art, he should be able to bring to any assignment a massive curiosity about what he does not know. Whatever expertise he has qualifies him to ask questions but not to give the answers.

For the reporter is not only a communicator of facts; he is also an organizer and processor of the facts to make them interesting and understandable to the reader. A British correspondent in the United States must never forget that he writes for a British readership. An American



HIGHTOWER INTERVIEWING SEC

reporter in Europe can never afford to lose sight of the special interests which his own reading public has in European happenings. The reporter who writes as an economist will wind up writing for economists; the economist who goes into news work must first learn to be a journalist.

The point is that news work by its purpose and by the variety of its interests is general in nature and cannot rely upon exclusive qualifications. A reporter covering foreign affairs in the aftermath of World War II had to move by short leaps from the formation of the United Nations, through the negotiation of European peace treaties, into the development of the cold war and all that has flowed from it—the growth of power blocs and alliances, the final collapse of the old European



imperial systems, the emergence of Red China and its split with Russia, summit conferences, the nuclear arms race and disarmament, the fateful U.S.-Soviet confrontation over Cuba.

Against the background of these varied demands on reportorial skills, it seems impossible to prescribe in detail the qualifications of a first-rate foreign correspondent, beyond saying he must have curiosity, enthusiasm, and the widest possible base of general intelligence. It is also impossible to draw a sharp line between foreign

Charles Tasnadi—AP



SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN RUSK

and domestic correspondents because in the post-war world so many men based in Washington and New York, or London, Paris, or Tokyo, travel and work abroad much of their time.

However his role is defined, the foreign correspondent carries as his basic commitment the gathering and transmission of information for newspaper readers and broadcast listeners. But in the process of fulfilling this assignment he also provides a vital supply of information for governments and provides it often before a government's own agencies report to headquarters.

On the average, news about an uprising in Africa, a military coup in Latin America, a policy speech in Moscow or Peking, or even a De Gaulle press conference in Paris, reaches the White

House and State Department in Washington on the news wires hours before embassy or intelligence reports are received. In any international crisis the "ticker rooms" in government agencies attract a parade of officials, and hot items are rushed to the President and other policymakers.

But the impact of the reporter's work on government policy goes beyond the speedy delivery of important news. The judgment he exercises in selection and interpretation of facts in non-crisis stories must be considered by the policymakers when important issues are involved because what the reporter writes may strongly influence what the public and Congress think about those issues.

**R**EPORTS from the little group of hard-working correspondents in Saigon focused public and government attention on setbacks and failures in the anti-Communist struggle in South Viet Nam long before official Washington was ready to concede that the whole operation was going so badly. The split between France and the rest of the NATO allies was reported and analyzed in press dispatches long before other allied governments were ready to acknowledge its seriousness. And allied leaders in their public statements lagged far behind the press in speculating on the significance of the break between the Soviet Union and Communist China.

Similarly news and analytical reports from Latin America first shaped the story of the shortcomings of the Alliance for Progress and helped create pressure on Washington for a shakeup in the whole vast undertaking. Indeed, news dispatches from Latin America have served, as official Washington statements never have, to publicize the difficulties and misunderstandings in U.S. relations with Latin American countries. Being printed in both Latin America and the U.S., such dispatches help to keep alive the dialogue between governments over differences and to create pressure for change and improvement.

The foreign correspondent at this stage of history has come a long way from his prototype. He is more serious, more mature, and probably better informed on the problems of the day. He handles a vital job in communications, so vital that it is impossible to conceive a working democracy without him. But if he is aware of his important role, he would be a fool to let the knowledge swell his conceit. He is still, whatever his power, an observer, not a maker of unfolding history. His greatest asset is still his ability to view men and their affairs with detachment and to report fairly what he sees—and if possible with zest and humor. ■



# IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

by Richard L. Williams

*Yes, there is something about the trade of foreign correspondent . . . Is it the chance to hobnob with knuckle-headed censors, frozen-smiled airline stewardesses and clucking cable clerks? Is it the opportunity to dwell in marble-halled palazzos you never get home to, surrounded by servants who cost next to nothing and are worth it? Or is it the chance to run your own glamorous, rootless life, freed from the bondage of the 8:07 a.m. by editors who feel free to ring you up at 3:07 a.m.? Whatever it is, some families keep coming back for more. On these pages we meet a fair sampling of such gluttonous-for-punishment families in which correspondents marry correspondents, have correspondents for siblings and bring up children to be correspondents. Result: impoverishment of normal home life, but enrichment of the profession. If not the practitioners.*



Derek Bayes

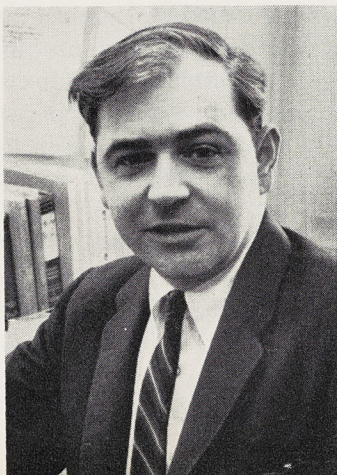
Flora Lewis and Sydney Gruson



Walter Daran

Robert and John Elson

The father is bureau chief for *Time* Magazine in London. The son is *Time*'s religion editor. Occasionally, father files for stories son is covering; on this and other evidence, John says of Robert: "He's a good reporter." Between them the Elsons have spent 48 years in journalism, 40 being accounted for by Robert.



Inger Abrahamsen



Robert Karr McCabe and Inger Abrahamsen

He is Southeast Asia correspondent for *Newsweek* (no relation to its president Gib McCabe). She is a photographer with the Rapho-Guillumette Agency. The laughing dragon is just part of the local color in Hong Kong. Separately or together the McCabes have worked in a dozen countries, studied at five universities before heading for the Far East in 1961. Minneapolis-born Robert and Oslo-born Inger have two small children, Hong Kong-born.





These people, pounding his and hers typewriters in their London flat, are not really as unaware of each other as the picture says. After all, the lady London correspondent of the Washington Post and the London bureau chief of the New York Times have had 19 years of marriage, and three children. Collaboration ends when the working day begins; professionally the Grusons are in daily competition with each other. Some days man beats wife, some days vice versa.



Marvin (left) and Bernard Kalb

The brothers Kalb took different routes to CBS News: Bernard via the New York Times Southeast Asia bureau and a Council on Foreign Relations fellowship, and Marvin via the State Department "bureau" (the embassy) in Moscow. Now Bernard is chief of the CBS News Southeast Asia-India bureau in Hong Kong, and Marvin is diplomatic correspondent in the Washington bureau. In 1962 his Moscow reports won the OPC award for best radio reporting from abroad.

Henry Grossman



Joseph (left) and Yale Newman

Nowadays they at least work on the same continent, and can even be photographed together—as above, at the OPC. Joe is the New York Herald Tribune's bureau chief at the U.N., and brother Yale is public affairs writer and producer for WTTG in Washington, D.C. He has been an NBC reporter, Voice of America writer, London bureau chief for ABC. Joe has served the Trib as chief of bureau in Tokyo, Berlin, Buenos Aires, London and Moscow.



CBS



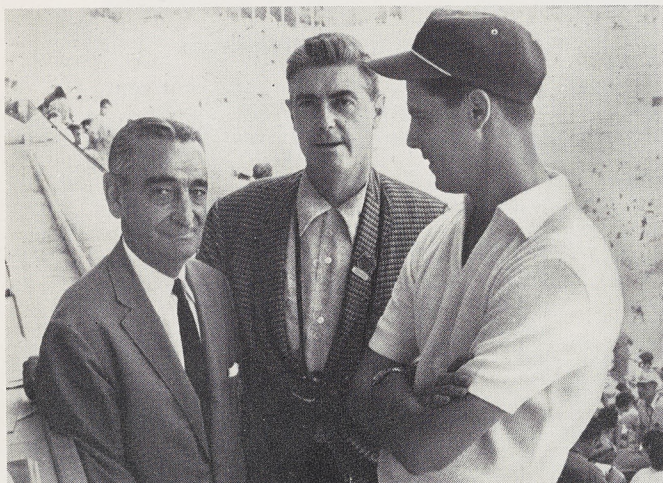


Keyes and Linda Mangelsdorf Beech

The Chicago Daily News' man in Tokyo is an old Far East hand, a 1951 Pulitzer Prizewinner (for Korean War coverage). The mother of his two sons is very big in Japanese magazines, movies and such TV series as "My Wife and the Mamasan Nextdoor."

Arthur and Robert Daley

Daily and Sunday, Daley bylines pop up from all over on the sports pages of the New York Times—where Allison Danzig, at left below, often occupies a neighboring column. Arthur, a 1956 Pulitzer Prizewinner, has operated his "Sports of the Times" column 21 years. Bob operates out of the Paris bureau.



The New York Times

The Mowrers: Paul Scott, Richard Scott, Edgar Ansel

The Mowrer careers—punctuated by bannings, bombings and bruising—amount practically to a dynasty. They all stem from the day in 1905 when Paul Scott Mowrer, at 17, caught on as a cub with the Chicago Daily News. Five years later he was the Paris correspondent; four years after that he recruited his younger brother Edgar from the Latin Quarter as the nucleus of a World War I staff; and in 1937 he recruited his son Richard to report on the Civil War in Spain. Both Paul (1929) and Edgar (1933) have won Pulitzer Prizes for foreign reporting.

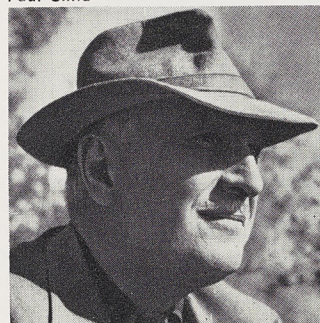
Today, Paul is a prolific poet in New Hampshire, Edgar writes the columns "Mowrer on World Affairs" and "What's Your Question on World Affairs?" from Washington, D.C. Richard is a Madrid correspondent with clients in 11 countries.



Joseph Alsop (left) and Stewart Alsop

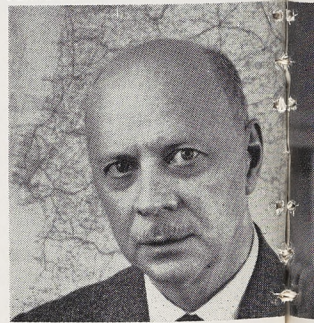
The art of punditry gained in muscularity, as well as literacy, when these two products of Avon, Conn., of Groton, of Harvard (Joe) and of Yale (Stewart) took it up. For nearly 13 years the column "Matter of Fact" bore both their bylines; for the past six years Joe has gone it alone while Stewart has been contributing editor for national affairs for the Saturday Evening Post. Both thrive on controversy but Joe (says Stewart) "can play the organ of doom better than I."

Paul Child



Paul Scott Mowrer

Jaime Pato



Richard Scott Mowrer



Wolfgang Albrecht



Robert H. and Louis P. Lochner

The younger Lochner (above with Lyndon Johnson and Willy Brandt) is a director of RIAS (Radio in the American Sector) in Germany, and former editor in chief of Neue Zeitung, Frankfurt. His father (at right with Adolf Hitler in 1932) headed the A.P. bureau in Berlin from 1928 to 1942, was the first correspondent to follow the Nazi army into Poland in September 1939. He won a Pulitzer Prize that year. He got many exclusive interviews with Nazi leaders—and also spent six months in a concentration camp. He was elected OPC President in 1950 and 1955.

AP



Denis Fodor

John  
Gunther

M. W. Fodor

Martha  
Fodor

Frances  
Gunther

Dorothy  
Thompson

Sinclair  
Lewis

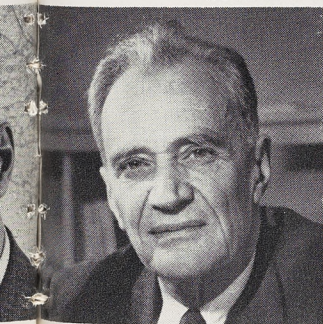


Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Co.

Marcel William Fodor and Denis Fodor

Since 1919 Marcel William ("Mike") Fodor has been the dean of a one-man Balkans school of foreign correspondence. Said John Gunther, a pupil of the 1927 tutoring session in Vienna above: "He educated Dorothy Thompson and me practically from the cradle." Fodor began with the Manchester Guardian, went on to the Chicago Daily News, Chicago Sun, Washington Post and others. He recently retired from the U.S. Information Agency, now lives and writes in Vienna. His son Denis, former *Time* foreign correspondent and writer, is art director for Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Walter Bennett



Edgar Ansel Mowrer





Duncan Cameron—Capital Press

### Tania Long and Raymond Daniell

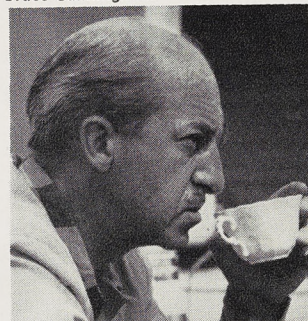
They met in wartime London: he was a graduate of the tabloids, chief of the New York Times bureau, and she was part correspondent, part counterspy. The OSS had needed a woman who spoke German like a native and also knew French and Russian, and Berlin-born Tania Long was the woman. Since then they have roved all over, now live in Ottawa where he is the Times's bureau chief, she a Times correspondent.



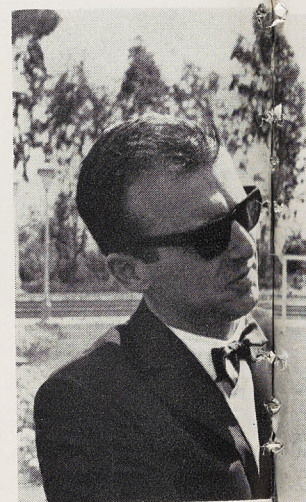
Hunziker



Bruce Cunningham



Senior



Junior quizzes Nasser

### Irene Corbally Kuhn, Rene Kuhn Bryant

When Floyd Gibbons rescued Irene Corbally from a job selling cosmetics and put her to work on the Paris Tribune, she says "my fate was sealed." It led in all directions: the China Press, Chicago Tribune, New York World-Telegram and Sun, NBC and, today, columning for King Features Syndicate. An OPC founder member, she was its first elected vice president. Daughter Rene has been a novelist, U.S. embassy press attaché in London, half of a mother-daughter NBC team, and is now Assistant to the Director of the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study.





Helen Wells

### Adeline, Robert and Erin Faherty

For two years, only one Faherty has resided in Paris (*at left*), but all three are about to be reunited there. Robert left the press division of UNESCO for an assignment on the Chicago Daily News, is presently subbing for its literary editor. Wife Adeline Fitzgerald has been a Chicago Sun Times columnist, after serving as its Paris correspondent. Daughter Erin is with the French edition of *Reader's Digest*.



### Joe Alex Morris, Sr. and Jr.

The Lancaster, Mo., Excelsior, once owned by his grandfather, was Joe Alex Sr.'s springboard into journalism. He has been foreign editor both of the U.P. and the New York Herald Tribune, managing editor of Collier's. Joe Alex Jr., also a graduate of the Trib and U.P.I., is *Newsweek's* Middle East correspondent.

### Reynolds and Eleanor Packard

If you sit long enough on the Via Veneto you'll see everybody—including "Pack" and "Pibe," pronounced Pee-bay, a nickname husband conferred on wife long ago, being an Argentinian colloquialism for "kid."

The kid is Rome bureau manager for the New York Daily News, Pack is her assistant, and in general she is the Vatican expert, he the jet set specialist. They have covered five wars together.



Walter Bennett

### James and Richard Reston

"This is Reston, Washington correspondent of the Times," has a double meaning. James ("Scotty") Reston is head of the New York Times bureau. Son Richard, 26, is the Los Angeles Times's young man on the State Department and diplomatic beat. They were born, respectively, in Clydebank, Scotland, and in London, began their careers respectively on the Springfield, Ohio, News and the Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times.



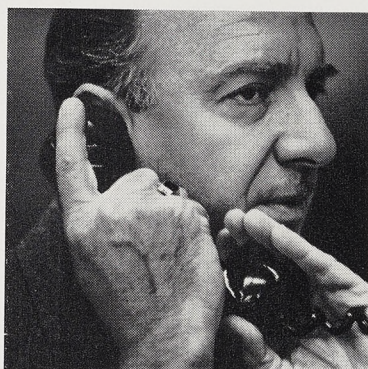
Rome's Press



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what he’s talking about...  
He’s a pro...  
He does his homework...  
He cares.”**

**This is what his fellow journalists say about him.  
This is why he is known as “a reporter’s reporter.”  
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Walter Cronkite to bring them the most  
knowledgeable and accurate information about the  
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**CBS News**





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by correspondents on the ragged, rugged,  
rewarding (and sometimes unrewarded) life they lead.

## THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

# COVERS HOSTILE GROUND

by M. S. Handler

*Scholarly, seasoned Mike Handler—one of the gentlest of men—turns angry in this piece at what he regards as a dereliction of duty by the American press. For more than a quarter of a century Handler has diligently covered Western Europe, the lands that lie behind the Iron Curtain and the Soviet Union itself, 13 years as a U.P. staffer and 14 as correspondent for the New York Times. Since he returned from Europe in 1962 he has been on general assignment for the Times working out of New York.*

A RECENT concert notice in a New York newspaper transported me to Prague, that city of baroque enchantment on the banks of the Moldau. The concert was devoted to the compositions of Janacek, a Czech composer of remarkable musical insights and tonality, infrequently performed in this country.

Janacek has the gift of evoking the landscapes, the history, and traditions of his people, and on the morning his name floated up into my line of vision I set off on my memory journey, recalling a jumble of bittersweet places and persons.

It was a little more than two years ago that I found myself in Prague, the day's work done and at loose ends. It occurred to me that save for the official Americans and several transient businessmen, I was the only American in a city that had teemed with reporters in September 1938, again after the liberation from the Germans, and for the last time in February 1948, the month and year of the Communist seizure of power.

On that lonely, misty evening I decided to

visit the Opera. It was there that I first came to learn something of Janacek. I was overwhelmed by the beauty of his music and the quality of the production. I wanted to find out more about Janacek and scanned the audience for a familiar face. Yes, there was one and only one—the British Ambassador who turned out to be an opera buff and something of an authority on Janacek.

His colleagues in the diplomatic corps were perhaps not interested in music or were safely immured in their comfortable homes indulging their favorite paranoia—the ubiquitous security police and the pervasive terror, or playing the interminable guessing game of ins and outs.

Despite three resident assignments in Eastern Europe totaling 15 years, I had never succeeded in ridding myself of that corrosive loneliness that invades, conquers, and exhausts one who must function in an unfriendly and frequently hostile atmosphere. It is staying power that distinguishes a resident correspondent in a Communist area from the rover who dashes in, picks the “brains” of the diplomatic corps, and emerges after several weeks to retail his “I can tell you now” story of horror, oppression, injustice, concentration camps and the usual chapters of an oft-repeated litany.

After that night at the opera I was particularly depressed and lonesome. It occurred to me that there were only two or possibly three other resident American reporters in that vast area of Eastern Europe that lies between the Soviet Union and the Elbe River, between the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic. Two were my Times colleagues in Warsaw and Belgrade.





The New York Times

HANDLER AT VIENNA AIRPORT

This then was my blinding revelation that dreary evening. Only three or four American reporters to "patrol" this territory that includes Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albany, and the rump state of East Germany. Astounding? No. The other metropolitan newspapers of the United States, quick on the draw to invoke the doctrine of "freedom of the press" and "freedom of information" when it suits their needs, had retired from the battle after the Hungarian revolt and the Polish political upheaval of 1956. Except for a rare resident wire service reporter, East European reporting on the spot had been abandoned and the task of informing American readers on a continuous basis left to one newspaper.

It is a rather sad commentary on the professional standards of newspapers, periodicals, and television media to have all but abandoned—except in times of crisis—this vast area, so vital to the future of Europe. When a crisis ends, the exodus begins. From the reporter's point of view this is sheer abdication of the re-

sponsibility to "inform," and an indictment of those who claim that the U.S. press is the best informed in the world.

This state of affairs does not, of course, prevent the "experts," safely ensconced in their Western European and American offices, from piling up mounds of pontifical nonsense about Eastern Europe. Many of them live on experiences no fresher than 1956. Others claim, as do many Soviet "experts," that one can cover the area better from the "free world."

The unfortunate truth is that these so-called experts too frequently see themselves as "freedom fighters" rather than reporters and seek to justify their "peripheral" reporting with the explanation that they are too objective and too honest to be admitted into Eastern Europe. This attitude suggests that those reporters who do gain admission "write for their visas."

**T**HIS is rubbish. It requires no great talent for a reporter to get himself into trouble immediately upon his arrival. Such was the reporter who arrived in Budapest one day, was told the next at a western embassy that football fans had rioted against the government. He had not been in Budapest when the riot was said to have happened. In fact there had been no riot.

That reporter was ordered to leave Hungary. So he joined the ranks of the "objective" reporters whose specialties run to disasters, arrests, killings, peasant uprisings, short crops, semi-starvation—all obtained from dubious sources.

The central problem of reporting lies in the nature of the reporter's role. Is he to report or is he to be a "freedom fighter?" Does he see himself as an instrument of American foreign policy? Should he seek his news and evaluations solely from diplomats, or should he try to cultivate local sources?

In my judgment, reporters who rush in for a look-see to "pick the brains" of this or that embassy are in the same category as those who read book reviews but never books. What they get is predigested food, "formula" feeding without regard to the ingredients, or to the fact that the diplomat has one job, the reporter quite another. Material from diplomatic sources must be accepted with reservations because diplomats, by the very nature of their work, represent a cause. Reporters who identify themselves with a cause cease to be reporters.

It has been my experience that reporters who work as reporters can succeed in establishing contact with some of the highest officials in Com-



munist governments, the "objectivists" and diplomats notwithstanding. It is a matter of establishing one's bona fides as a reporter, not as a crusader. The man who fathered the collectivization drive in Hungary explained to me in the most explicit terms the psychological pressures and techniques that were employed to compel the peasants to join collective farms. He considered his techniques as part of a pattern of administrative manipulation, though to an outsider they may have appeared to be heights or depths of cynical governmental action. My account of how the Hungarian peasants were "collectivized" was reported. I was not expelled.

I did not regard it as an extraordinary feat to have gained access to the heads of the State Economic Planning Commissions of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. It became a matter of routine to see the heads of the commissions or their experts whenever I visited these countries. I would like to cite two examples of how far an American reporter can get if he is serious about his craft.

On one visit to Sofia, I requested a meeting with the Planning Commission. The Sofia regime has the reputation of being one of the most intractable of all the Communist governments. My request was granted, although I had to endure a frightful session with the head of the Writers Union. This man, dressed in a Stalin tunic, assaulted me verbally as a representative of everything Western he detested.

I was surprised, therefore, when I arrived at the conference room of the Planning Commission to find the section heads assembled. Each man had a ledger of facts and figures which he consulted when I posed technical questions. The statistics supplied me were not in the customary percentages but in units, volume, and dollar value. They also explained the pricing system employed in the Soviet bloc trade.

Another and perhaps even more striking example occurred in Budapest where I had developed a good relationship with the planner who represented the Hungarian government on the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance. He and his deputy always received me together and our talks ranged far beyond economics. I learned later that both were first-class economists.

One day, the planner explained in detail exactly how the commission goes about deciding each year the quantities of consumer goods to be produced, how prices are fixed in relation to wages, how wages are fixed in relation to goods, housing, savings, and the cost of social services.

It was the first time I had ever received a clear picture of the Communist price-wage mechanism.

The quarters in which the planner and his deputy received me were typical of the bare, spartan offices of East European capitals. But there was one impressive piece of furniture. It was a big, old-fashioned safe. During one of our meetings, I asked a question which neither the planner nor his deputy could answer.

The planner opened the drawer of his desk, extracted a key, and opened the safe. The steel repository was filled with notebooks. The planner removed one, returned to his desk and read me the figures I had requested. The writing in that notebook, similar to those used by students in European universities, was by hand.

The safe contained all the material relative to Hungary's annual economic plan and was presumably a matter of highest state security. Yet the planner did not hesitate to expose its contents. The heavy door remained opened until he replaced the notebook.

ON another occasion, I found the planner's deputy alone. He proffered excuses for his chief, saying that he was due in Moscow to attend a meeting of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance. Five minutes later, the chief rushed in, gave his excuses, said he was off to Moscow, and, turning to his deputy, said:

"I forgot to give you the key." It was the key to the safe.

Personal security is, of course, an occupational hazard in Eastern Europe, and every correspondent must face it as a daily part of his existence. He must assume that the security police check all his movements and know who his contacts are; that his telephone may be tapped, his room searched. The reporter must accept this as a condition of professional life. But he cannot function properly if he allows these circumstances to dominate his mind and emotions to the exclusion of all other considerations, a condition that frequently afflicts visiting correspondents and diplomats. Paranoia is not conducive to clear thinking.

Harassment and intimidation can take many forms—and these are also part of the reporter's burden—but it is up to him to expose himself as little as possible. Black-marketing and entanglement with women have frequently given the security police the weapons with which to bludgeon foreigners. Anyone who thinks that he can evade detection on either count is indeed naive. The security police tactics are to give the offender



enough rope to hang himself before moving in on him, but even when he is not molested, the offender becomes a psychological hostage because he knows the boom may be lowered at any time. It is therefore important for the reporter in a Communist country to be as blameless as Caesar's wife if he is to minimize such working hazards.

How does one deal with officials in Eastern Europe? For reasons that escape me, many reporters seem compelled to emulate Richard M. Nixon's kitchen technique. Nixon's Moscow performance with Khrushchev was lamentable for its naiveté. It only proved his failure to under-

Paul Schutzer—LIFE



HUNGARIAN COLLECTIVE FARM WORKERS

stand the elementary ground rules of discourse with Communists.

Like Mr. Nixon, reporters feel a compulsion to "tell off" Communists when they should be seeking information. They seem to believe it necessary for the national honor to "top" every Communist boast with an American achievement, as if the Communists were not well aware of the fact that they have generations to travel before they can even hope to approach the level of American material achievement. Yet, reporters seem to take offense when a Communist official boasts of an achievement.

It seems to me that American achievement is so evident that we should take it for granted. A mature, self-confident citizen of the United States has no need to boast. He is the product of a high consumer civilization and his Communist conversational partner knows it and is even more conscious of it than the American. This

endless harping on American superiority is not only abrasive and the most efficient formula for making conversation impossible, it induces a mood of arrogance in the reporter.

One always returns to the problem of the role of the reporter. Is it to provoke argument or to gain access to facts in a closed society?

It ill becomes an American correspondent to assume a lofty attitude in Eastern Europe—or in any underdeveloped area—because officials one deals with are usually well informed about conditions in the United States. Responsible Communist officials do their homework. An American reporter who has come in contact only with the affluent segments of American society may not know what Appalachia means, nor the degradation in which an untold number of white Americans live. The American reporter may also regard the degradation of American Negroes as a marginal problem.

But the well informed Communist official is likely to know the facts and figures about the more unhappy aspects of American society because he is a voracious reader of American economic and sociological reports. This reading is part of his training. It is not accidental that Khrushchev, to take one example, has frequently astounded his American visitors by the scope of his knowledge, one-sided though it may be.

Even the most hard-bitten, antagonistic Communist official in Eastern Europe does not expect an American to agree with him on international affairs, economic matters or social structure. He takes it for granted that the American and he must necessarily disagree on fundamental concepts, but what he does expect is a mature, man-to-man approach in which the American does not show contempt or condescension.

The Communist officials expect to be treated as responsible adults who take their responsibilities seriously. Their sensitivity is in inverse proportion to the size of their country. The smaller their country the more violently do they react to any sign of big-power psychology.

Contrary to what the "experts" with brief or no direct experience in Eastern Europe maintain, what Communist officials want in dealing with American correspondents is a hearing. They will try to influence the reporter. That is part of their business. But it is up to the reporter to defend himself against such attempts.

If the reporter is to succeed in Eastern Europe, he must be willing to listen attentively and to behave seriously. But then, arrogant men are incapable of learning anything from anybody. ■



# LIVES IT UP

## (à la Parisienne)

by Art Buchwald

ONE of the canards of the newspaper business is that a foreign correspondent lives well when he is abroad. Well, it just isn't so, and it's about time someone put an end to this myth.

I'll never forget the time I was dining at Maxim's with Sophia Loren. We had just finished a filet of sole *Albert* and were starting on a *coq au vin* when the sommelier rushed in and said four French army generals had taken over Algeria in a coup, and it was rumored the paratroopers were going to drop on Paris.

The first thing I did was order a *Château Mouton Rothschild* 1929 and while some may say this is too light with a *coq au vin*, I much prefer it to the younger Burgundies. The stupid sommelier was so nervous he gave us a *Château Lafitte* 1927, and I was about to complain when Sophia put her hand on my hand and said: "Please, darling, there is a war on."

The rest of the meal was ruined for me and I ate my *crêpes suzettes* in silence. As I drank an 1896 brandy, I was called to the phone by the editor of the Herald Tribune.

"There may be trouble," he said. "You better get over to the *Place de la Concorde* and see what's up."

I became quite irritated, but a foreign correspondent never questions an order, so I slipped into my vicuna-lined trench coat and wandered over to the *Place*. I told Sophia I would call her later at the hotel, and we kissed passionately in the cloak room.

Then I wandered out to the *Place*. There was nothing happening, but I bumped into Lauren Bacall who invited me up to her room for a night-cap. I said I was on a story but I'd call her later. It was a brisk night and I told my chauffeur I would walk.

I started up the *Champs Élysées*, passing camion after camion of French soldiers all armed and waiting for an attack on Paris.

I decided to call the paper, but first I rang up Brigitte Bardot and told her I wouldn't be able to get over. She seemed very disappointed, and I became angry.

"Don't you know there's a war on?" I asked. "I don't want to be alone," she cried.

"The world is waiting for my story," I told her. "Maybe I'll stop by later."

I could hear her crying as I hung up. I then called the paper and reported in. They had a rumor that the paratroopers were going to land at Versailles. I told them they could find me at Ava Gardner's suite at Hotel George V if the rumor panned out.

Ava and I split a bottle of champagne and then I said I had to go. I could see how sad she was.

"I'll never fall in love with a foreign correspondent again," she said.

I kissed her on the forehead and went out into the night. It still seemed quiet, although there was firing of rifles and bombs somewhere off in the distance. My deadline was getting near, but I decided to go down to *Les Halles* for some onion soup. I picked up Ingrid Bergman and we drove down in her car.

About three I called the paper again and they said De Gaulle was coming back to Paris to take over the government. It didn't seem like much of a story, so I took Ingrid over to the White Elephant and we danced until about five.

When I got back to my apartment my butler said that Elizabeth Taylor had called four times. But I was tired and dirty and I wanted a bath, so I decided not to call her back.

I finally got to bed at six after reading several chapters of Henry Miller.

I'll admit it wasn't much of an evening, but it was typical of the ones I spent in Paris, and it should prove once and for all that despite what you read and see in the movies, a foreign correspondent's life isn't what it's cracked up to be. ■

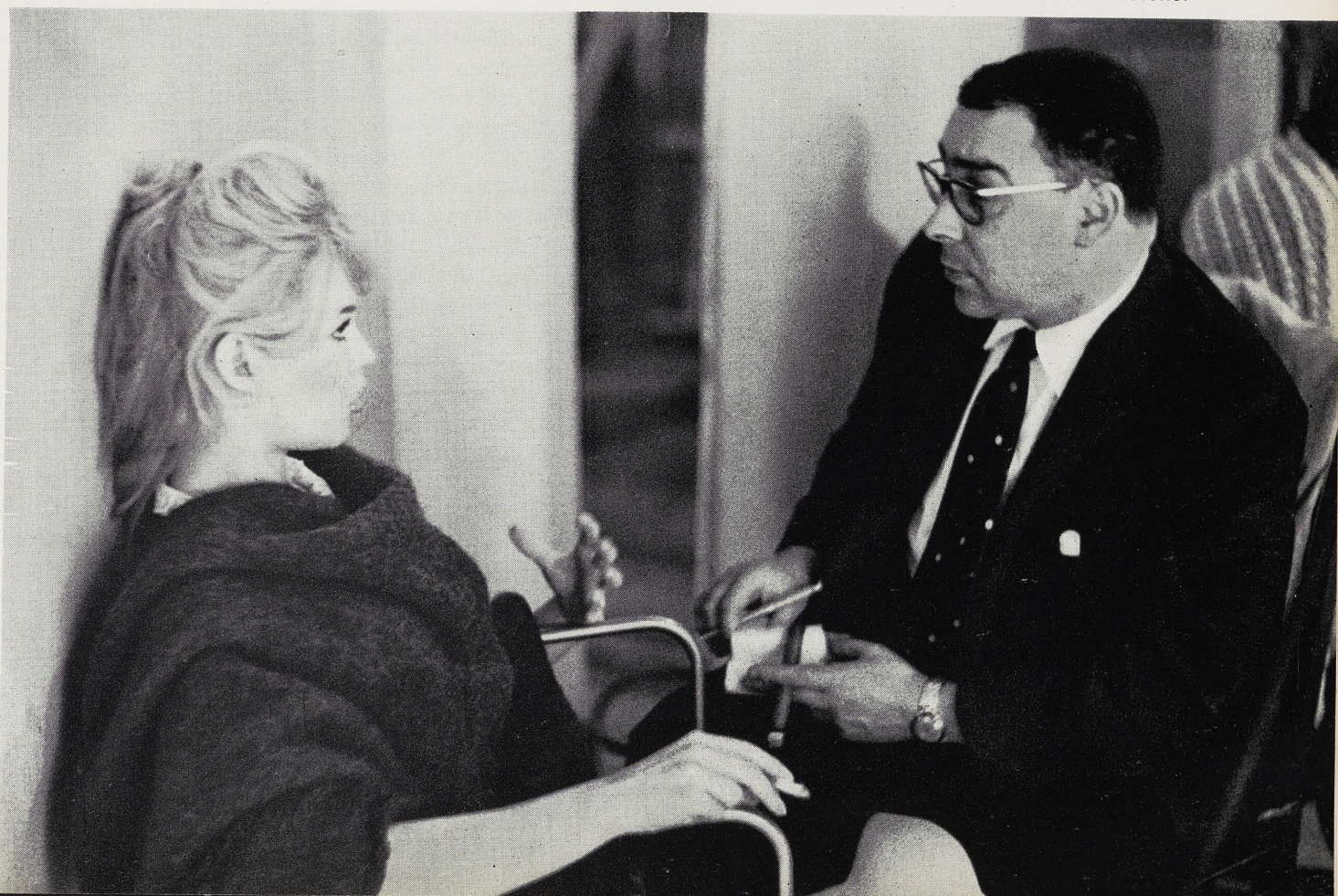




Sophia: "Please, darling, there is a war on."

AUTHOR AT WORK

"BB": "I don't want to be alone."





# LIVES IT UP

(Hong Kong Style)

by Milton Orshefsky

*Currently LIFE's Regional Editor, Far East, Milton Orshefsky has somehow always managed to practice journalism where the living is good. Over the past ten years he has filed from Paris, Rome and now Hong Kong.*

"ELMER TSU FEARS WE FACE DISASTER," the headline in my paper shouted blackly one morning. I felt the familiar stab of adrenalin carrying its emergency checklist: passport, visa, airticket, cholera shot, typewriter, money, Entero-vioform. My God, I wondered, what now? Had Marshal Kittikachorn fallen into a klong in Thailand? Were Big Minh and Little Minh having trouble with Ton That Dinh in Vietnam? Was Sukarno making covetous noises at Papua? Was Sihanouk losing weight again and threatening now to

throw the French out? The catalog of disaster in Southeast Asia is so large nowadays.

Swaying agitatedly in my rope-hammock on the terrace (50 feet by 30), I looked around. The firecracker vine above was meandering in orange profusion over the trellis. Below, the blue-green of Tai Tam Bay glistened peacefully in the sun with the Communist-Chinese islands in the distance their usual calm blur. Little fishing sampans were chugging their daily pattern, faint cries from their family-crews rising musically through the morning mist. Overhead a lone osprey wheeled gracefully. And at fingertip length—the final reassurance—was my small temple bell which would summon Ah Cheung, my Number One Boy, with another cup of tea. Disaster indeed! What was with Elmer anyway?

Mr. Tsu, it turned out upon further reading, is a cotton textile man who was simply crying doom at a proposal in the U.S. Congress to subsidize American cotton textile manufacturers so that they could compete with the Hong Kong producers. Whew! I relaxed with my temple bell.

That's the nicest thing about Hong Kong. In an area where, for a foreign correspondent, "disaster"—well, creeping disaster anyway—is as omnipresent as the nearest teletype machine, Hong Kong itself has only two problems—making money and saving water—neither of which is an enormous drain on a correspondent's nervous system. As a base, then, to retreat to for knitting up raveled nerve ends between crisis-type assignments, Hong Kong has no peer.

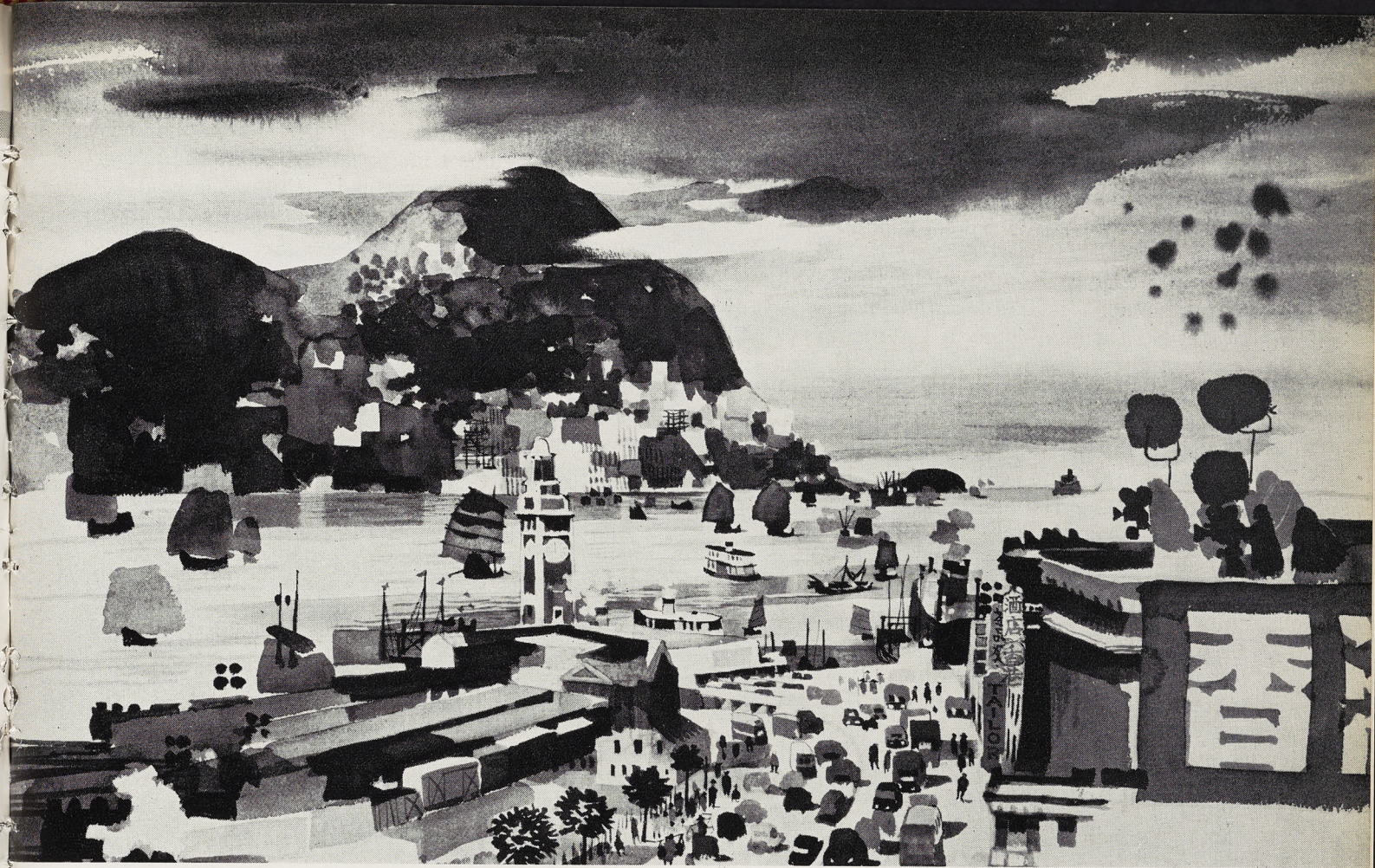
By jet it is only two hours from Saigon, 2½ from Bangkok, 3½ from Rangoon, about 4 from Singapore or Tokyo, 6 from New Delhi. That makes it quick and comfortable to get to the nearest coup, revolution, embassy-burning, volcanic eruption, communal riot or amah-strike. Equally to the point, it makes it quick and comfortable to get back again to the Hong Kong cocoon to recuperate. (That is, unless New York editors, whose sense of geography seems to have stopped with Magellan, cable you casually, why not drop in on Australia en route back from Sai-

Harry Redl—Black Star



AUTHOR UNDER SIEGE AT REPULSE BAY





WATERCOLOR BY DONG KINGMAN FOR TIME

gon?) In the meantime, while you're suffering in the boondocks, you're secure in the knowledge that your wife and family are snugly insulated back home by a wall of lovely water, a covey of cookboys and a clutch of charge accounts.

With or without checkbook (it's easier with) Hong Kong is a dabbler's paradise for wife and kids. In the two years we've been here my wife has taken up 1) Chinese painting (you spend six months painting nothing but pictures of spiky bamboo stalks before the Chinese classicist-teacher will let you try ducks); 2) papier-mâché sculpture (the teacher spoke not one word of English, giggled drunkenly all the time but his studio did have the nicest view of the fishing village of Aberdeen); 3) collages (they have more colorful varieties of paper here than any place else in the world); 4) horseback-riding ("but, darling, they were on their way to the glue-factory anyway"); and 5) editing a hotel magazine. Wives are usually so absorbed in their personal dabbles they seldom realize you've already been gone two months. And if they do? Well, it's one thing to go home to Mother when you're in New York City and Mother is in Elmira. It's something else when you have to drive to a ferry,

cross the harbor, taxi to the airport, go through customs and immigration and then face a 6,000-mile plane trip to the U.S. Somewhere during the process painting just one more bamboo stalk seems a much easier solution.

The children, too, are busy racing from school to piano lesson, to ballet lesson, to Mandarin lesson, to swimming lesson. They're usually so bushed from their own schedules that—bless their exhausted little hearts—it seldom occurs to them to bother, or even pay attention to, their father. Actually, communicating with them is a problem anyway; the oldest boy is studying Mandarin, the youngest daughter is learning Shanghai dialect from her amah, and the middle daughter has been attracted to pantomime and won't talk much language at all. Besides they all have little temple bells of their own to summon food, drink and whatever other sustenance they need. They can't even bother me with their arithmetic; this being a British Crown Colony all mathematical computations (in school anyway) are done in pounds, shillings and pence, a frightening complex that no U.S. father, especially one from Elizabeth, N.J., was ever trained to handle. And there are never any scenes over bath-taking;



with water provided us only three hours once every four days, taking a bath more than once a week is not only impossible, it's unpatriotic. The sun never sets on a washed body in this part of the Empah.

And so Hong Kong for the tired, hopped-up correspondent is Rotus-Rand indeed. He can water-ski through some of the most spectacular flotsam and jetsam in the world. He can join a golf club and swing a blithe mashie only two or three miles from the lowering hills of Red China. He can buy a dinghy, motorboat, sailboat or pleasure-junk and spend many happy winter hours scraping and hauling his keel. He can gun his sports car up and down hills—if he can find a road that isn't being torn up. (Unlikely. The voice of the jackhammer is heard in the land nowadays in booming Hong Kong.) He can even—if he's a member of the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club—buy an Australian "racehorse" for about U.S. \$1,000, pay another U.S. \$350 per

Harry Redl—Black Star



SPECTACULAR JETSAM

year to keep him in an airconditioned stable, and have a marvelous time parading about the owners' circle, and, if he's a cad, bribing the gentlemen jockeys. (Horse racing here, Sir, is still a sport for gentlemen.)

He can do all those things—if he has the equipment and muscles. If not, there's always *cheongsam*-watching, an admirable fresh-air sport which requires only a wall to lean against, sunglasses, and a pair of retractable eyeballs. Or tailor-talk—there are at least 10,000 tailors here who insist they can copy your present suit faithfully down to the last eyelet (they can't). Or eating—markets cannot wither nor cooks stale the infinite variety of Chinese cuisine. Or rented-junking—anchoring where you will, diving overboard into clean coolness, and then plopping pooped on the poop deck, glass in hand, to watch the sun sink behind the tracery of mast and rigging of the fishing junks that jam Aberdeen. Or gambling—15 minutes by seaplane, 3½ hours by ferry lies Macao, a stillness of pastel houses, Portugal with Chinese, and its gambling casinos where the blackjack dealers are all Chinese girls in tight *cheongsams* who clap their hands with glee when *you* get blackjack.

Even sickness can be exotic. Bufferin Schmuferin. Any Chinese pharmacy looks like a Brooklyn penny-candy store, piled high with an assortment of strange delights. Try dehydrated seahorses (cook them in water with a slice of pork added for taste and you get seahorse soup, considered ideal for eliminating phlegm from the throat and chest); or powdered chamois and rhinoceros horn, the Chinese epsom salts, recommended by herbalists for driving down fevers from high blood pressure; or deer horn, sliced very thin and made into a tea to help stimulate your wife's blood and yours, hopefully at the same time.

All in all, not a bad life.

Home, someone has said, is a place you hang your childhood. For a foreign correspondent, that needs some editing; home is a place you hang your family while you're away. There isn't a more amiable, pleasant cloakroom in all the world than Hong Kong. If only those b——— in New York would let you enjoy it; I was gone on assignments six months out of last year, about par for the course here.

Ah well. Tinkle, tinkle. Ah Cheung, another Scotch and water, please. *Not* that three-day-old water in the bathtub. That Canadian-imported 48-ounce tinned stuff called Sparkling Alpine Aqua we just bought for 40 cents (U.S.) a tin. ■





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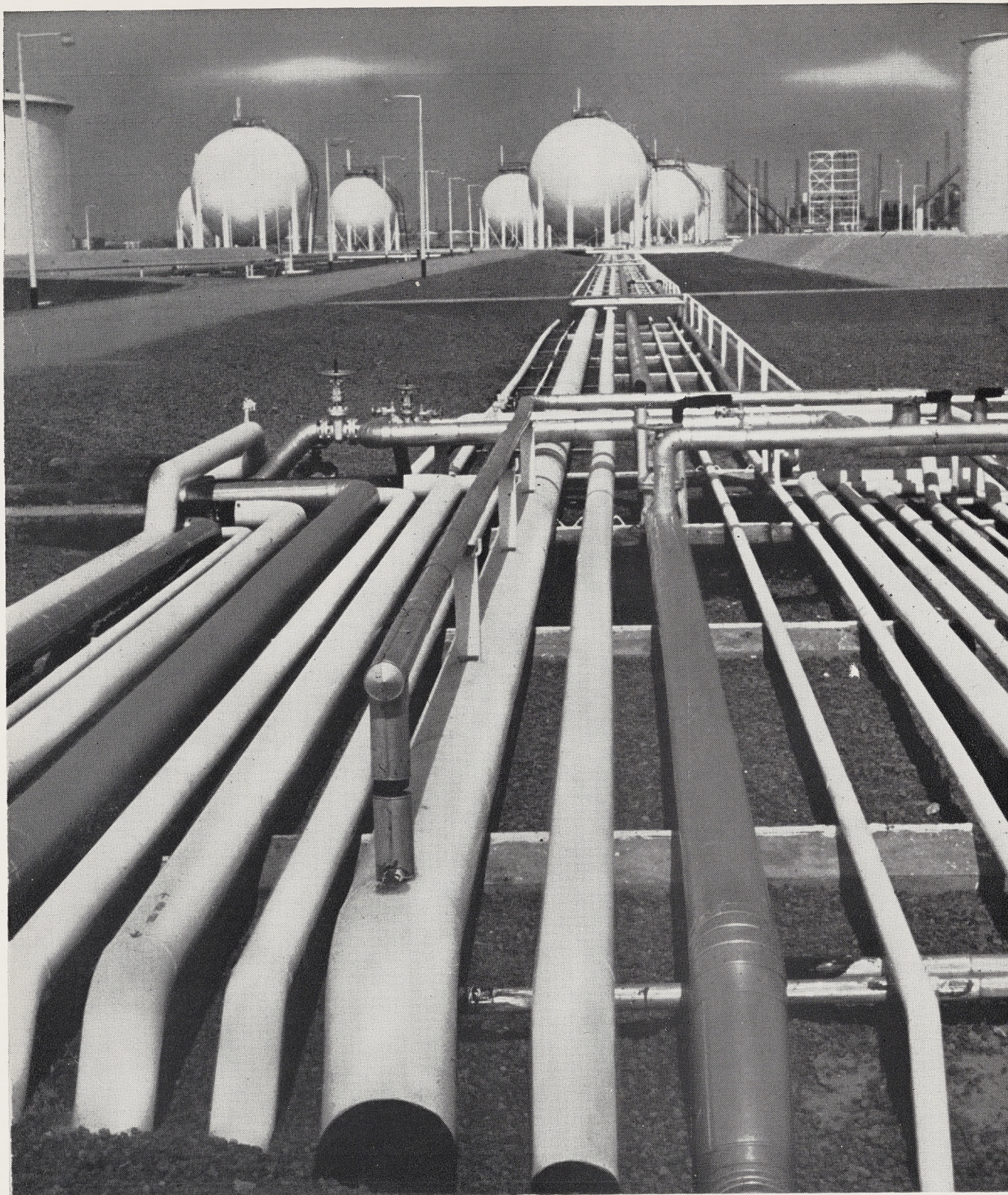
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# GOES INTO GOVERNMENT

by Carl T. Rowan

*A newsman recruited to the "muddleheaded parasites" of government, the new director of the U.S. Information Agency argues that he hasn't joined The Other Side—and discusses two kinds of vested interests.*

**E**ARLY in 1961, when I was considering the offer of a post in the State Department, a friend offered some advice, supposedly handed down from a French sage: "The most vexing part of every government is that the people who are smart enough to run the government are also smart enough to stay away from it."

During the past three years I have thought of that advice often as I have grappled with problems and controversies that made me long for those delightful, peacefully irresponsible days of private life.

Particularly when the brickbats have flown have I been acutely aware that the foxholes on the government side are a lot more exposed than those of the fourth estate, from which, admittedly, I have tossed a journalistic hand grenade or two at "the bureaucrats and politicians."

But once the shell shock was over, I had to confess to myself that government service was a venture and an adventure which I would not have wanted to miss. I found a unique vantage point from which to take a searching look at both my government and my profession, and I had made the heretical discovery that our public servants were not the muddleheaded parasites that rumor portrayed them to be, and the press was a lot less virtuous than even I had described it to be.

My first genuine surprise was that the caliber of people in government was so high and their devotion to their jobs so total.

There are countless stories that inspire admiration: my own USIS employees who responded so bravely in the face of mob attacks on our library in Cambodia; the Foreign Service officer

who rehoisted the Stars and Stripes in Ghana, the embassy employees who ignore the danger of terrorists in South Viet Nam and elsewhere to go about our country's business. But what has given me even more pride has been the officers who work long hours night after night because they have enthusiasm for their work. They have a fire burning in their stomachs and an idea bulging in their brains.

The first Sunday I drove into the State Department basement and noted the number of automobiles parked there, I sensed that I needed to change a few attitudes about Washington's "eight-hour coffee breaks." And I did when I learned of the number of secretaries who were working many hours of overtime each week, knowing there would be no overtime pay because there was no money for such premium pay.

**O**H, we get compensatory time off," said one pretty typist with a chuckle. The chuckle was her subtle way of saying it is a standing joke that certain key secretaries pretend things soon will ease up enough so that the people who work the long hours can use their "compensatory time off."

I was delighted to conclude that a lot of very smart people had ignored the advice of the French sage.

Even while making this happy discovery, I had to face a disturbing reality: the newspaperman who goes into government is immediately viewed as a "traitor" to the club, a protector of secrecy, and an agent of all sorts of manipulation of information, political and otherwise.

For more than a year, as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, I visited towns and cities knowing that the first question thrown at me in a press conference would be: "How does it feel to be on the other side?"

My standard reply was that I wasn't on "the



other side," that my mission was the same as it had been on the Minneapolis Tribune: to help the public to get the information it had to have to function as a democracy. And I believed it—so much so that it took me a long time to face up to the fact that almost nobody else did.

But I realized the magnitude of the deep and sometimes ridiculous suspicion and distrust that exist between press and government when some of my colleagues and I tried to interest newsmen

ognized as one of the major foreign policy developments in recent years.

This and similar incidents have impressed upon me the serious difficulties and deficiencies that exist in communications between our government and the public. And nowhere are these difficulties and deficiencies more disturbing than in the field of foreign policy, where there is a tendency for a poorly informed public to react with its glands rather than its intellect to the

UPI



ROWAN WITH PRESIDENT ON DAY OF HIS APPOINTMENT

in those first hard bits of evidence of a split in the Sino-Soviet bloc. Some newsmen reacted with ill-concealed skepticism, as though they suspected us of trying to use them to peddle our wishful thinking to the world. A tiny few others—R. H. Shackford of Scripps-Howard, for example—who are not so cynical about the role of government information people quickly responded to our leads and went on to produce some extremely informative articles about what now is rec-

ever-irritating developments around the world.

I have had my private moments of concern, even disgust, when:

► I have encountered reporters who would spend six hours trying to find out who is going to be named Ambassador to Middle Clobberia, but wouldn't spend an hour researching some of the recent "liberalizing" developments in Eastern Europe. "My editor is only interested in hard news," one reporter explained.



► I have noted how little in-depth reporting is coming out of Latin America and Africa, although every newspaper editor in the country knows that these are trouble spots and that what happens in these two continents will go a long way toward deciding the kind of world in which all our children will live.

► I have noted how remarkably well informed and scrupulously responsible are those few journalists in Washington who concentrate on covering foreign affairs, and how sloppy with the facts and how indifferent to the repercussions others of my ex-colleagues can be.

In fact, it was my concern about these things that led me to crawl out on that limb where bureaucrats supposedly fear to tread and tell Chicago's Sigma Delta Chi chapter that last year's furor over "management of the news" was a "fad of nonsense."

When this furor erupted, I thought it was just a manifestation of the eternal distrust that exists between government and the press. It seemed to me that it must be obvious to the most unenlightened that Uncle Sam isn't paying enough to buy the integrity of newsmen who have spent lifetimes serving the public's right to know, prior to being temporarily lured into public service.

What I have learned from three years in government, however, is that many factors come together to create for the government official a series of vested interests quite different from, and sometimes irreconcilable to, the vested interests of any good newsmen.

Perhaps I can explain by talking about what I have seen in the way of government attitudes toward the press—and I speak now primarily about those who deal with foreign policy. An overwhelming majority of the officials I have met not only believe in the public's right to know, but they also are aware that a poorly informed public can, and does, take steps that make it virtually impossible for officials to pursue courses they are convinced are in the national interest.

**Y**ET, the openness of our society and the fantastic speed of communications produce a factor that pulls the official in the opposite direction. He knows that no news story in American media is limited to an American audience. It is sped to friends, foes and neutrals in every corner of the globe, and there is probably not one American diplomat who has not had some negotiations complicated by "what was in the morning papers."

There are, of course, those officials who are insecure, who are scared to death of the press;

they are not noted for volunteering much in the way of information.

And a far greater number of officials simply find it easier to work without kibitzers. It's hard concentrating on Khrushchev and Mao, they say, when you have to respond to the advice, the criticism, the allegations of newsmen who constantly are looking over your shoulder.

What I have said is that government officials have several vested interests in seeking shelter from the press, some of them having a reasonable relationship to national security, and some relating to nothing but the official's interest in self-preservation.

**W**HEN we face these truths, we know that the public interest requires that a free press maintain relentless but also responsible pressure on government.

What is too often ignored, I pointed out in Chicago, is that journalists operate under the laws of self-preservation, too. All of them worth their salt want to get to the news desk first with the most; they all want their pieces on Page One; they all want the best sources to the most inside information; they all want to win prizes.

So, aside from any high-minded concern about the public's right to know, journalists all have personal vested interests in keeping the faucets of information flowing freely. From time to time this vested interest is pursued with an enthusiasm that carries into that murky area where national security interests loom large. The very good and responsible reporter rarely has any difficulty knowing where his personal interest impinges on the national interest; the very bad one rarely seems to know, or care.

To sum it all up, I have concluded after three years of diligent and occasionally painful observation that the press, the government, and most of all the public would benefit from a dialogue filled with a lot less suspicion and distrust and a lot more responsible consideration of ways in which to better communicate with the public on foreign affairs matters that have become frightfully complex. Only when such a responsible dialogue occurs can both government and press take those steps which ensure that the openness of our society is not a mortal handicap in our contest with dictatorial powers.

What all these comments mean is that my experience in government has been such that, in a spirit of both sadism and benevolence, I can wish that all my ex-colleagues might have a year or two of it. ■



# EYE-WITNESSES HISTORY

by Joseph W. Grigg

*U.P.I.'s veteran chief European correspondent was born to the craft. For 25 years his father roamed Europe for American newspapers. Joe has covered most of the big stories these past 20 years, and here he recalls some of them.*

Werner Roelen—UPI



GRIGG INTERVIEWING CHANCELLOR ADENAUER

**T**HEY call it “seeing history in the making.” But, as often as not, you think of it first of all as another job of work.

You lash yourself into a frazzle over communications—particularly if you work for an agency.

You go frantic over deadlines or whether the Opposition has the only telephone sewed up or whether you can count on the man who promised to tip you off the moment the treaty is signed.

You start mentally working out your lead paragraph before the main bout has even begun.

In three decades as a correspondent I suppose I’ve seen as much history in the raw as most.

I’ve covered a World War from both sides. I believe I was the only foreign correspondent to report both the first and the last day of World War II from Berlin. I’ve been interned, torpedoed, bombed and shot at.

World leaders I’ve known and covered—Hitler, Churchill, Eisenhower, de Gaulle, Adenauer, Macmillan and Kennedy.

I’ve reported two East-West summit conferences, a dozen or more East-West foreign ministers’ meetings—and many more.

The feeling of excitement when a big one breaks is as great as it was 30 years ago. But I do catch myself thinking: “Boy, this is going to be a toughie to write,” or, “How am I going to get to that phone?” rather than, “Boy, you’re seeing history.”

I think maybe the closest I felt to history was when I covered the capitulation of Nazi Germany at Marshal Georgy Zhukov’s headquarters in Berlin on May 8, 1945.

I had seen the Nazis at the height of their might. I had talked with Adolf Hitler at his victory parade in shattered Warsaw in October 1939. I had been arrested and interned by the Nazis for five months after Pearl Harbor.

Now, amid the devastation of Berlin, I saw the wheel of history turned full circle. Yet this mo-



ment of historic truth dissolved abruptly—into a story to be covered.

As Nazi Germany's Marshal Wilhelm Keitel was led in, haughty and unbending, to sign the surrender document, some 50 Russian photographers and newsreel men started a mad stampede to get closer to him. They knocked over tables, chairs and spotlights in a wild free-for-all. In order to see, I had to join the rush too—and to hell with history in the making!

For the next 20 minutes my main concern was to try to hear the speeches and take notes amid jostling, elbowing Russian newsmen. It was only afterwards, when the vodka flowed at the banquet given by Zhukov, that I had time to think of history again.



CHURCHILL



EISENHOWER



ZHUKOV



KEITEL

A little over a year later I sat in the grim courthouse at Nuremberg listening to the Allied War Crimes Tribunal handing down sentences on the top Nazi war criminals.

Our wire head was in a basement below the courtroom. Reporters were forbidden to go in or out while the court was in session.

Instead, a "system" of sorts had been laid on with an American sergeant standing in the well of the staircase leading down from the press seats. You rolled your notes into a ball, put an elastic band around it with a "United Press" label and tossed it over your shoulder.

Then you hoped the sergeant picked it up and delivered it. I know I was more concerned whether my notes reached the United Press desk in the basement than about the tremendous historic impact of the moment.

One outstanding difference in covering history today and 30 years ago is the improvement in communications.

In my early reporting days in London before World War II we flashed the death of King George V of England by Morse key from Sandringham to London. I dictated the story of the King's funeral at Windsor by telephone from the bar of a pub over the noise of the beer drinkers.

There is a story—possibly apocryphal—that UP, AP and INS all used carrier pigeons to report the progress of an American girl who tried to swim the English Channel about 15 years ago.

One wire service, so the story goes, switched pigeons with a competitor at the last moment and the competitor's reporters reached Dover hours later, seasick and hungry after a heavy buffeting in an open boat, only to find a pile of angry call-backs from New York asking why the Opposition had complete running details, whereas they had nothing. Their reply that this was "one for the birds" was not hilariously received back at headquarters.

Today communication is by walkie-talkies, leased wires and transatlantic telex.

When the late President Kennedy visited Berlin last summer, UPI White House reporter Meriman Smith, following him in a wire service car, kept up a continuous running report by portable radio which we monitored in the downtown Berlin office for nearly eight hours. At only one point, when Kennedy was about ten miles distant, did the radio beam fade out.

World figures often seem to cut themselves down to size when you see them at close range.

When I first met Hitler, my reaction was: "What a little guy this is." Then I thought: "The man has rat's eyes." I noticed he had bad teeth and gray hairs in his famous mustache.

Adolf Eichmann was disappointing as the arch-war criminal who was said to have sent six million Jews to their deaths. I saw him every day during the four months of his trial in Jerusalem. He was small, thin voiced and evasive. And he used to fall asleep during the hearings.

**C**HURCHILL at the height of his power always was a striking figure, though he is not a tall man. I remember hearing him deliver an off-the-cuff speech in French at the Paris City Hall in November 1944. The speech was a literal word-for-word translation into French of a typical expression in English of Churchillian prose. The French accent was pure Churchill. French newspapers had a terrible time afterwards, cleaning up the grammar before publication.

Probably only Churchill could have given such a performance—and gotten away with it.

Adenauer is one of the most human of modern statesmen. He gets a kick out of jokes at the expense of the press.

The first time I interviewed him was in 1953. I had been warned I would have 30 minutes and no more. For the first 20 minutes the old man



rambled on about a book he had just read which set out to prove that in a certain number of years the Russians would starve to death and there would be no more Russian problem.

I could see my interview being frittered away. Adenauer must have seen me fidgeting nervously.

Finally he remarked with a twinkle: "Now ask me some questions."

In the end he gave me an hour—and a cracking good interview.

**O**F all the world figures I have met, de Gaulle is the one who never ceases to behave as you would expect a "great man" to act. He never unbends. He never drops his aloof, Olympian manner. His rare bursts of humor are wintry.

At one of his news conferences a question had been "planted" about Algeria. But the correspondent who had agreed to ask it failed to do so.

De Gaulle looked around the crowded room and asked with a faint smile, "Didn't I hear a question about Algeria?"

He hadn't, but amid loud laughter he proceeded to discuss Algeria.

Eisenhower, as World War II Supreme Commander, was down-to-earth and accessible.

I remember in June 1945 a small group of us were sitting with him in the garden of a villa at Russian headquarters in Berlin waiting for a call from Zhukov's office to sign a joint declaration on the future of Germany.

An aide arrived with word that Zhukov had had to refer one sentence back to Moscow.

Ike, fuming to get back to his headquarters the same night, exploded: "Tell the marshal I'll sign anything, but I want to get away."

Turning to us, he added with a grin: "I'll probably get fired for this. And don't you dare report I said so."

A favorite international character for Western newsmen is Semen K. Tsarapkin, the beetle-browed Russian who for the past five years has headed Soviet delegations to nuclear test ban and disarmament talks in Geneva.

Newsmen used to try to waylay Tsarapkin (known to Westerners as "Scratchy") as he emerged from the Palais des Nations conference room after sessions.

"Scratchy" took off at a fast lope through the endless corridors of the Palais with a dozen newsmen in pursuit bombarding him with questions. In his quaintly fractured English he would come up with such gems as "There was no boxing" or "All good, very good."

I've always felt it a cardinal sin for a foreign

correspondent to become personally and emotionally involved in the story he is covering. It isn't always easy to avoid this—for instance when OAS terrorists in France were killing and maiming women and children.

Sometimes you cannot help feeling personally involved—for instance when the conference you are covering drags on and on and you see your vacation plans going down the drain (who hasn't had that happen to him?).

One of my biggest personal involvements came when I was caught in the middle of the Battle of the Atlantic during a convoy crossing in 1942.

I was a volunteer member of a six-inch gun

Gjon Mili—State of Israel



GRIGG COVERING EICHMANN TRIAL  
(Upper Left Wearing Glasses)

crew. We were under submarine attack for a week. Our ship sustained a direct hit from a torpedo—which, mercifully, was a dud. By the time we docked in New York two weeks later I had a whale of a first-person story ready to file.

That deathless prose never saw print.

A tough-minded Navy censor ruled that civilians, even war correspondents, don't serve on gun crews and that there was no point in telling the Germans some of their torpedoes were duds.

Looking back, perhaps it was just as well. I felt much too personally involved.

Sometimes after one of those endless waits outside a conference room with a stomach rumbling from lack of food, I ask myself (and what foreign correspondent does not?): "Aren't there easier ways of earning a living?"

But they still have to show this correspondent a job he would trade for all this eye-witnessing history. As they say: "The romance of journalism—you meet so many interesting people."

Come to think of it, you do. ■



# GETS AROUND

by Horace Sutton

*Traveling a hundred thousand miles a year is work that must be made to seem fun—if you are a travel writer, as Horace Sutton is. Here he shows how. A weekly columnist for the Hall Syndicate and a monthly columnist for McCall's, Sutton also puts out his own magazine, Paradise of the Pacific, from his Honolulu base.*

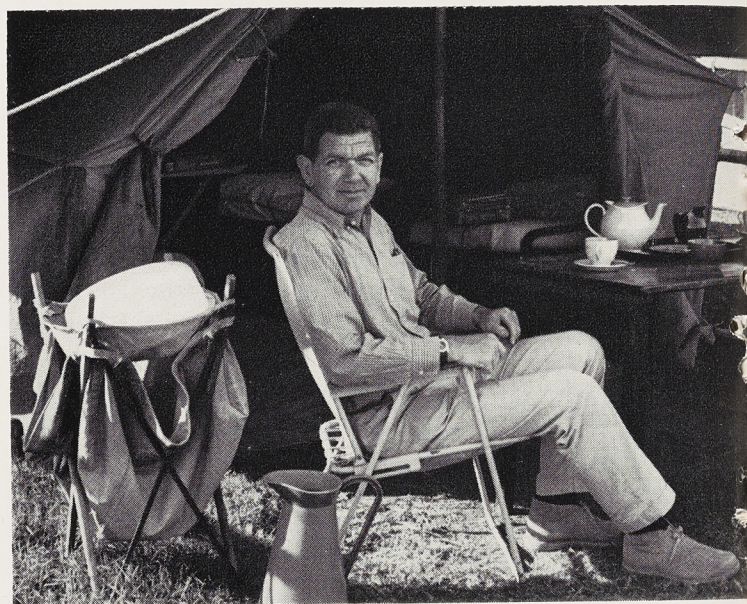
**I**T was, as I look back on it now, at least an aeon ago.

It was long before I came down with Byzantine back and the museum mange. It was before the arches fell and the avoirdupois rose; before I had been squeezed through the sieve of a thousand customs inspections, before I had been gassed by that *confrérie* of the world's guides who brush their teeth with garlic juice before leading me through the world's damp tunnels. It was before I had been recognized as an international patsy by souvenir pitchmen from the souks of Constantine to the Chandni chowk. It was back when I thought Cairo was in Illinois; when wine meant Manischewitz and a jet was part of the kitchen stove.

It was, to be exact, the far-gone year of 1946. The New York Post's Ed Kennelly, since deceased (and God love 'im), had a vision. The war was over and pleasure travel would once more be an engaging enterprise. Would I kindly write a weekly column on that subject?

I was thus, with little ceremony—and long before being joined by Laika, Glenn, and the flying chimps—launched into an orbit from which I have not as yet determined a means of re-entry. I fly, walk, sail, drive, slip and slide about 100,000 miles a year. I would include in the tally a ramble through the Cambodian jungle by elephant, a skid down a Hawaiian mountain on a ti leaf, and a journey by sled mounted on rails pushed along the rim of a Formosan valley by aborigines. Ah, Carey. Where oh where was your Cadillac when I needed you?

Travel writers are really test pilots for tourists. When new instruments of locomotion are



ON SAFARI

perfected, I am in them to see if they work. Thus it was that I got to see the Space Needle months before the Seattle Fair opened. "Don't bother with the construction elevator," said John Graham, who built the tower with the revolving restaurant on top. "Come ride with us," said he ushering me onto a wooden floor that immediately shot sixty stories into the sky. I looked down at the floor, looked up at the tower, looked out—eeeeee—No sides! I buried my head, hard hat and all, inside my coat. It made a frightfully ungainly bundle.

I fly through the air with the greatest unease, and there is no one this side of Sells Floto busier in the ozone than I. Launching DC-4s, 6s, 7s, 7Cs, 8s, and the 707 hasn't been so bad. It isn't pioneering the route over the Pole or flying under the weather that bothers so much. It's those perilous little leaps in between. Try covering the routes between Martinique and Guadeloupe when the scheduled airline is taking three days out for a continental lunch. You fly charter, that's what.

My charter pilot turned out to be a woman



whom I shall call Marie. I have been trying unsuccessfully for years to forget her. She stood about four feet three, wore blue overalls and flew small planes through the French West Indies. "Can you hear Martinique clearly?" I asked her one bright morning when we were high enough over the blue to make a brilliant splash. She pushed some buttons and twirled a dial, but the set wasn't talking. "Da rad—ee-oh, eet don' waik," she told me brightly. We flew for a while as silent as a Rolls Royce. All you could hear was the tick of my ventricle. It sounded pretty loud, and I thought if I get out of this, I ought to take it in and have it checked. "Where?" I asked, clearing my throat, "do you store the life raft?" "Da life raf ees being feex," she said.

**B**Y the time we landed in Guadeloupe, I was in no mood for lunch. I was in the mood for prayer. It was a good thing because the *plat de jour* that *jour* was *contre filet de cheval*.

But Marie, bless her baby-blue overalls, seemed as safe as Dick Merrill compared to what I drew a leg or two later between the half-French, half-Dutch island of St. Martin and the all-French, formerly all-Swedish, isle of St. Bart. For that romp I was picked up in some monstrous condor that had been given all the mechanical attention that the best bailing wire and the most expensive chewing gum could provide. René the pilot sat me beside him, assured me the craft had been an artillery spotter, and perhaps it was in the days of Marshal Foch. A network of cords ran across my feet, up the side of the cockpit and over my head reminding me of the pulley system with which all large stores were once equipped for making change. "Don't totch red handle," the pilot warned me. "Door fall off."

He ran the plane twenty feet down the runway, and for reasons beyond me, it rose. Over St. Bart's we came, but I saw no strip. We zoomed over ridges and around hillocks. We skimmed along rooftops and examined the top leaves of trees at a range that would have pleased a myopic botanist. "Dey feex streep," René shouted at me. He zoomed down the roof of a farmhouse in the crazy bird and there lay a pasture but it was full of sheep. He made a pass over the field and the sheep scattered. Then he bumped down for a landing. An ancient weapons carrier jounced alongside and took us aboard for the ride to the hotel. Before we left the field, René stopped the truck and jumped down to close the gates. Otherwise, he explained, the sheep would eat the plane.



WITH WIFE IN RED SQUARE



Besides testing means of transport to see whether getting there is really half the fun, travel writers also must test lodgings. I have, as have most of my confreres, opened more hotels than Connie Hilton, since I am also required to open them for Sheraton, Intercontinental, Morris De Woskin, Cesar Balsa, Gamal Nasser and other great hoteliers. No little ceremony attends the formation of an opening party invitation list. A bellboy at a hotel in Taipei once knocked at my door with a cablegram inviting me to the opening of Huntington Hartford's Paradise Island in the Bahamas.

A great bonhomie frequently develops among the alumni of opening parties. People still reminisce over the time Terry Moore had her picture taken at an unusual angle in Istanbul, causing Connie Hilton to make a bid for the negatives. My warmest reflections go back to the unveiling of a modest place called the Capri Hotel which opened in Havana some years before the arrival of the present political regime. The Capri was, as I say, a modest hotel, but it had some unusual appurtenances, such as a swimming pool on the roof, and George Raft in person in the casino. The Casino, a gem of Victorian splendor, was the only part of the hotel finished in time for the opening. There were no pillows, sheets or blankets on the bed, but the maid assured me that they were all safely stowed in Havana—locked in customs. She was not nearly as impressed by their absence as she was by the presence of the loudspeaker which could dispense canned music at the turn of a dial. She turned it on loud and smiled broadly. I turned it off. That night when I came back to sleep there were still no blankets, sheets nor pillows, but a huge cha cha cha was spitting out of the speaker, loud enough to set them dancing in Roseland. I turned it off, but at 4 a.m. the maracas rattled like Chinese firecrackers. It had gone on again. There was nothing left to do but unscrew the speaker from the wall and cut the wires.

**T**HE junketeers were back in Havana for the opening of the Hilton, a hotel which had been built with the funds of Havana's hotel and restaurant union. Castro was still in the hills, but the Batista adherents were jumpy. Mr. Tex McCrary thought it would be a scream if we all got off the plane brandishing toy submachine guns, so he brought some along for laughs. Planes were slower then, and we had four hours to persuade him of the impropriety of that horseplay.

Robert Frank—Harper's Bazaar



MRS. SUTTON MODELS FASHIONS IN BUDAPEST CAFE

He walked off the plane with guns wrapped up. It was, in its way, a memorable opening. Hedda came on from Hollywood with a collection of decorous starlets. Terry Moore was on hand again, this time with a husband to fend off the photographers. Indeed, there was no telling where you would come upon a celebrity. In the marble halls of the men's room on opening day, I was surprised to see Ernest Hemingway alongside me. "I think," said he, "we are inaugurating it." They were the only words that ever passed between us, and I treasure them.

When I voyage on my own, which is to say without a convoy of flacks, I am the most prudent of peregrinators. Frankly, I wouldn't go to Jersey City without advance reservations. No one shares this credo with me more assiduously than the Russians. They require that you plan a trip to Russia in your own country, pay for it before you leave. Once you arrive, they send someone along with you to make sure you don't depart from schedule. Some years ago, when the jets first appeared, I decided to make a tour of the world along all the jet routes that then existed. The path took my wife and me from Europe to Asia by way of Moscow and Tashkent in Uzbekistan. In that Soviet Central Asian Republic the best laid people's plans went awry. We were bumped out of the brand new hotel because of the simultaneous arrival of a cotton-picker's con-



vention. And our interpreter, making his first flight, had blown an eardrum and was in no condition to argue. He was also in no condition to travel further, so next morning my wife and I were off by ourselves, flying eastward to Alma-Ata en route to the still more mysterious republic of Kazakhstan.

A pair of Soviet scientists were aboard, and after an hour or so in the air they felt sufficiently encouraged, or bored, to open a conversation. The first sound came out like the clearing of one's throat when one has a heavy cold. "Ch—ooow are you filling?" the first man said. "Ch—ooow is your business?" asked the other. It was the last English we were to hear for some days. The new interpreter we had requested was on the runway at Alma-Ata to meet us. He could interpret in Russian and French. However, the waiters in the dining room of the hotel spoke only Kazak. We left our breakfast orders with the interpreter the night before, speaking to him in my special brand of Berlitz French. He translated it into Russian for the benefit of the headwaiter, who translated it into Kazak for the benefit of the kitchen. Thus it was, our first morning with the Kazaks, that breakfast came in splendor to our room—two bowls of chicken soup and a pair of chocolate bars.

Memories of our first days in Soviet Central Asia are only dimmed by the farewell. The head

of Intourist, a short Mongolian, toasted us with Moscow vodka. It hardly mattered that he hadn't drained his glass of vodka before filling it with red Crimean wine. Then he launched into a discourse on the nomadic tendencies of his forebears, a wanderlust made possible by the land's magnificent horses. Then he passed the hors d'oeuvres—some red and meaty, some bland bits of fat. What sort of canapés? Why horsemeat, nothing but the best for the distinguished visitors. Madame bolted for the door and just made it to our quarters.

**T**AKING one's wife on tour is a great pleasure that keeps the traveling man out of saloons and the reach of gamey company. Together we opened the Year of the Snake in Hong Kong, and, in equal din, closed the carnival in Rio. Last spring things got a little crowded when I took her to Eastern Europe and she took a fashion editor from *Harper's Bazaar*, who brought along a photographer. *Bazaar* had decided to photograph her wearing the fall clothes. If you believe *Bazaar*, a typical travel writer's wife goes on tour carrying four pairs of leather boots, three fur coats, seven wool suits, six evening dresses, and a jeweled turban, all of which fit in two suitcases. The truth of it is we had 14 suitcases. And buster, you've never cleared customs until you clear it in Bucharest when you've arrived a day early and therefore unheard of, escorting two women, one Swiss photographer, six cameras, 140 rolls of film and 14 suitcases, one of which was filled with jewelry. Who was to tell the customs guard it was all junk, and in Rumanian yet. Hoo hah.

The year's datelines, as I look back on them now, included Mamaia, the Rumanian Miami on the Black Sea; also Holetown, Barbados and Sunwapta Pass, Alberta. I was in Freeport, Grand Bahama in advance of the gambling, in Pasadena in advance of the Tournament of Roses, in Zanzibar in advance of the Cubans. I began this report in a familiar posture, the typewriter on my knees, me aboard Pan Am's new flight, in this case to Papeete. I finish it in a friend's house half a mile from Vaitape on the island of Bora Bora. It's a helluva dateline and the place isn't bad either. We've lunched on raw fish marinated in Tahitian limes, *foo yung ha* and a bottle of wine. The little ouma are jumping in schools in the lagoon outside the door and the houseboy is strumming a guitar. I don't miss the subway much or even the compulsive diggers of Con Edison. Beulah, peel me a mango! ■



A DIP IN A HEATED MOSCOW SWIMMING POOL



# EDUCATES HIMSELF

by Robert J. Korengold

*Currently a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, Robert Korengold, 34, has worked for U.P.I. since 1957, in Paris and Geneva, then a four-year, two-month, six-day term in the Soviet Union (Moscow hands tend to count the days). A journalism graduate of Northwestern, Korengold served as a Navy officer on a destroyer in the Korean War.*

**F**OREIGN correspondents of the world, get wise! Throw off your chains! Trade in those travel-battered trench coats for a library card and a university pennant. If it's not for too long, you'll never regret it.

My particular opportunity to take a year away from the teletypes and to "think lofty" came with a Nieman fellowship to Harvard last autumn following a four-year stint as a United Press International correspondent in Moscow. What I had hoped for—and found—at Harvard was the chance to learn even more about Russia and the Russians by getting away from them and from the day-to-day pressures of Kremlin reporting.

I also had another project: to learn something about America and the Americans. During eight years as a correspondent in Europe, Africa and the Middle East I had set foot only twice, each time briefly, on U.S. soil, once in 1956 and again in 1960. It took only a few days back in the States to realize how important it is for a correspondent with extensive foreign service to renew his American party card from time to time.

I found myself as awed as my French wife by little things such as the ease of telephone and airline communications, and as impressed as she by the immensity and variety of the country. I rediscovered the America of cars and backyard barbecues and Saturday football games. But I was confronted also with things I had forgotten somehow — the America of billboards, dirty streets, soot-filled cities and the poor.

I welcomed the chance to be again with the people for whom I had been writing for so long and to find out what interests them. But returning to school has given me something else.

The main thing a correspondent finds at a university that he can't find on the job is *time*—

time to read, not just skim through newspapers, magazines and books, time to dig into his particular field of interest. The wire service newsmen in Moscow, more than in most places around the world, has to pick up his expertise on the dead run. He must spread himself hopelessly thin and try to be an authority on everything. And because day to day political events in the Soviet Union are so often linked to people or events in the past, a foreign reporter needs a heavy dose of Russian and Soviet history. Casual mention in the Soviet press of a seemingly unimportant name can mean anything from rehabilitation of a Stalin victim to a major shift in Soviet ideology.

And then there is language. A Western correspondent in Moscow *can* get along without knowing Russian, provided he has a translator at his side. But the reporter with a knowledge of the language will spot the extra story possibilities.

As one of three men in the bureau (the maximum allotted to wire services) I had to take turns at being on duty in the office, or at home with a connecting phone, 24 hours a day. There are no specific Moscow beats. The correspondent must cover the field — space shots, sports, fashions, the arts and, of course, politics. I remember being showered with rockets from the home office in the midst of an around-the-clock filing operation during the 1962 Nikolayev-Popovich twin space flight. New York was complaining that we were lagging on the results of an international tennis tourney.

Working as a jack of all trades I felt, regrettably, that by the time I left Moscow I was still master of none. But I had acquired one thing that can be gained only on the spot—a pretty

UPI



AT A KIEV COAL MINE



good idea of how the Russian people think and live, what they legitimately can hope for and what they probably never will have.

My knowledge of Russian—absorbed by osmosis from taxi drivers, Pravda editorials and news broadcasts—was far from perfect, and my knowledge of Soviet history, economy, cultural and social trends proved to be fuzzier and fuzzier the further back I moved toward the 1917 revolution. What my Moscow assignment had done for me most of all was to stir an appetite and a desire to dig deeper. Unfortunately, the most difficult place to accomplish those aims proved to be on the job in the U.S.S.R.

In the first four months I spent at Harvard, I learned more Russian grammar than I had in my four years in Moscow—simply because I was able to work at it for uninterrupted hours day after day. In the same four-month period, thanks to a survey course in Soviet government and history, I filled in innumerable gaps in my knowledge of the careers of many revolutionary and post-revolutionary Soviet luminaries. For the first time I felt I knew not only who they were but what they stood for, how and why their careers evolved. I now had the time to sort out the various Soviet economic plans, their aims and results; the lives of the heroes and villains, the crackdowns and breakthroughs in the Soviet cultural controversy.

Instead of relying on partial translations or reviews, as I had to in Moscow, I now was able to

read Evtushenko's *Precocious Autobiography*, Ehrenburg's memoirs and *The Thaw*, and Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. I had referred to and written about each of those major works countless times in stories out of Moscow, but I read them at Harvard.

THE correspondent who returns to the campus also runs into the diverse world that lies outside his own field. I have found myself deep in conversations with professors, students and fellow Niemans over everything from the Negro movement in the U.S. and apartheid in South Africa, to the separatist movement in French Canada and the current ethics (or lack of them) in the U.S. Government and journalism. In Russia it was never like that. Discussions among Moscow's insular band of diplomats and journalists tend to be about things Russian.

The hardest thing for a working newsman on campus is to slow down. Professors and students alike tend to think in terms of semesters; tomorrow morning's headlines, or even today's, is another world. Harvard professors sometimes act as if any event should age in the wood for half a century or so before becoming ripe enough for academic scrutiny. The professor in one seminar I attended last autumn said he would require a term paper, but preferably not on any happening since 1939, because this would require too much reliance on mere newspaper reports.

I found this skeptical attitude toward newspapers and newspapermen fairly prevalent, despite an obvious interest and sympathy most professors felt for newspapermen personally. I heard one Harvard professor contend, for instance, that newspapers hinder the effective conduct of government policy by confusing issues and facts in wild-swinging "dope" stories. In another course, a series of lecturers from government posts almost without exception criticized the press for distorted coverage of their departments.

Another frustrating experience for the newsman turned schoolboy is the exhausting theoretical or lint-picking nature of some lectures. I spent six straight seminar hours in one course last fall in a fruitless and fuzzy class attempt to define a single word.

Such irritations are relatively minor among so much I have to be grateful for. This has been a memorable experience, and I'm enjoying it all. In fact, I'm convinced that a correspondent's biggest problem when his schooldays are done is to prepare himself for the shock of re-entry into the fast-paced world of journalism. ■

Will Rappoport



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## GOES WAWA

by Jonathan C. Randal

*Jon Randal, whose earlier datelines were Paris, London and Geneva, is now Time-Life bureau chief for West Africa where the going is rougher.*

**I**N the generation since Evelyn Waugh wrote "Scoop" and "Black Mischief," almost everything has changed in Africa. Colonies have become sovereign states, the old verandahed colonial structures have given way to modern office buildings, home-grown Colonel Blimps have replaced their colonial models. But Waugh's cleft stick remains the most apt symbol of the reporter's lot in the vast, steaming reaches of West Africa once known variously as the white man's grave and/or burden.

The British, whose acute sense of the absurd was doubtless a factor in their becoming the world's greatest colonial power, summed up the situation in a four letter word: "Wawa." Wawa (not to be confused with the Brothers Waugh-Waugh) means West Africa Wins Again. Like all absurdities Wawa works its magic in several directions, often at the same time. Wawa is an accepted (if seldom understood) presence for foreign correspondents who work here in Africa. And only those actually in Africa can understand Wawa.

Editors in darkest New York, for example, are not with Wawa when they send cables such as the one I received in Lagos (Nigeria) last summer during a quickie revolution in the Brazzaville Congo which overthrew defrocked Priest-President Fulbert Youlou. The cable was short: "Please telephone Leopoldville stringer to determine if he needs help." Now, there is no direct telephone service between Leopoldville and Lagos, two cities separated by some 1,500 miles, different colonial heritages and distinctive chaos. A hypothetical telephone call would have to go from Lagos to London, from London to Brussels, from Brussels to Leopoldville. That sane part of my brain pondered the Wawa quotient of such a telephone call for a moment, then abandoned the effort. In any case, the only plane that could have taken me to Brazzaville didn't leave for an-

other three days. For if Africa has been blessed with many fine jet airfields, the planes that use them all fly north-south routes between Africa and Europe. Ill-intentioned critics of the local scene claim that African leaders are just as happy since, as they reckon it, the shortest route between any two African capitals must pass through Paris.

I first came under Wawa's spell when I was in Ouagadougou, the capital of the former French colony known as the Upper Volta (unlike Slobovia, there is no Lower Volta). Ouaga, as it is called affectionately by its citizens, is a vast, dusty place whose mayor banned the use of those ugly but efficient bugs, the Citroën Deux Chevaux, as taxis on the grounds that they were unbecoming a great metropolis. It was in Ouaga, which boasts its own *Champs-Élysées* (a quarter mile of double highway) and *Bois de Boulogne* (a large pond surrounded by trees) that my masters in New York reached me with a long-delayed cable directing me to Senegal. Senegal was then the scene of an attempted *coup d'état*. Checking the airline schedule I discovered that the regular twice-weekly plane had left that very morning. My only chance of reaching Senegal was by describing a triangular route via the coastal city of Abidjan. I tried unsuccessfully to rent a plane for the 950-mile flight. Finally I had to rent a car whose French owner (Wawa: \$300) assured me was in apple-torte order.

**A**S dusk fell on the *Champs-Élysées*, I set out with two African bearers on my safari which had to be completed in 16 hours if I was to catch the jet from Abidjan to Dakar. Despite clouds of red dust billowing into the car, I observed that the driver was behaving strangely. Instead of floor-boarding, he was poking along at 30 miles an hour. Something amiss, I thought. I took over at the wheel and soon caught on. There were no brakes. And, as it turned out later, no spare tires. After Wawaing customs guards and truck drivers (for jacks and inner tubes), I made it to Abidjan airport with ten minutes to spare. My two Upper



Voltan friends stumbled out of the car, kissed the good earth and spoke for the first time since I'd taken over the wheel some 15 hours earlier.

Once in Dakar, I filed and went to bed, only to be awakened by yet another urgent ordering me to the Congo. I beat it out to the airport at 3:30 a.m. (all planes in Africa, it seems, leave at 4 a.m.) hoping to find a seat on the week's only semi-direct flight to Leopoldville. That morning,



RANDAL IN THE DESERT

of course, the plane decided to skip Dakar. "Too much mail," explained the African airline representative, adding, "Monsieur, as a journalist, you above all should not shout at me. After all, the mail must go through—and newspapers are mail." By now an old Wawa hand, I solved that problem by flying from Dakar to the Congo—by way of Paris, of course. I didn't sleep in a bed for four days, but I did reach Leopoldville in time for the last round of the Katanga fighting. Had I waited in Dakar it would have taken five days to reach Leopoldville, bumping some 2,500 miles down the coast.

If Wawa can be vaguely amusing, it can also be unpleasant. And especially in the Congo where Robert K. A. Gardiner, the former United Nations commander, once said: "The Congolese are the Belgians of Africa, and the Belgians are the Congolese of Europe." Last year, that young, struggling nation's intellectual elite, the students at Lovanium University, became quite incensed at the policy of Her Majesty's government and demonstrated in front of the British embassy in Leopoldville. Thanks to the absence of police (normal) the demonstration developed into a

fine, full-scale sacking (something in which the Congolese excel). Dressed in correspondent mufti—khaki trousers and red sports shirt—I was watching some of the Congo's future leaders remove the British lion from above the embassy's street entrance when one of them turned on me and shouted: "You are a British diplomat." Before I could fully savor this at-the-moment doubtful honor, his friends had torn themselves away from their appointed tasks long enough to indulge in that favorite Congolese pastime—beating up reporters. When I finally picked myself up from the pavement, Wawa prompted me to ask for my address book which my assailants had confiscated, doubtless as proof of my diplomatic status. In a rare case of reverse Wawa, the student leaders made a courtesy call at my hotel that very afternoon, returned the address book and bought me a drink.

**O**THER hazards of working in Wawaland come under the general heading of what, in a more pristine period of American history, used to be called rugged individualism. In Wawa terms, the truth is closer to "If you want something done, do it yourself." Hotels are scarce and reporters often spend part of their first frantic day in a West African country looking for a place to sleep. Taxi drivers have a way of counting on your fare for the current fuel, and I have missed at least one plane because the driver guessed wrong on the gas tank. What free time a roving correspondent may have is often spent in the dreary offices of some African consul, imploring forgiveness for asking him to issue a visa right then and there (every West African country demands them). Because of the touchiness of these new nations it is advisable to file from a neighboring land. In many of the French-speaking countries, such tactics are not only plain good sense (since governments read all news dispatches and love to dispatch reporters) but also practical. Entrusting a French-speaking Morse operator with anything more than an air freight waybill advisory is to court Wawa's retribution.

Finally, any prolonged roving assignment in West Africa almost always leads to amoebic dysentery. Stricken by that malady last fall, I decided to rest in calm Morocco. No sooner had I arrived in the city of luxurious idleness that is Marrakech than the Moroccans and Algerians started shooting it up. As we (my amoebae and I) jeeped toward the front, a forbidding thought came to me: Wawa may indeed be Africa's last-  
 ing gift to the foreign correspondent. ■



# TAKES RISKS

by Alan Oxley

*For four difficult years during which he was arrested 21 times, Alan J. Oxley, 29, a British national, covered Cuba as a freelance journalist for Reuters, CBS and NBC. Gradually the number of Western correspondents dwindled to three. Oxley got in trouble, and then there were two. Here he tells of his experiences. An expanded account will appear in the May issue of "Impact."*

**T**HE pounding on my door began at 2:30 a.m. It was Tuesday, October 29, 1963 in Havana. The men on the landing outside my fourth-floor flat were surely plainclothes military intelligence agents—the men of the State Security who are largely responsible for the fear that dominates Havana today.

This dread of knocks in the night is constant. Men disappear regularly into *La Cabaña*, the great fortress-prison where the trials of the Revolutionary Tribunal and the executions that so often follow are still held. Any soldier can make an arrest without stating the cause and hold his captive without trial. The people in this drab, suffering city are never quite able to forget it may be their turn tomorrow.

The pounding stopped. The silence was ominous and heavy. After a few minutes the pounding began again and I cried: "Who is it?"

"State Security. We are going to search your quarters."

I am no longer a novice at life under Communism, so I called the British Embassy and got the word to Consul Joe Pethybridge, an old friend. Then I opened the door. A plainclothesman handed me a search warrant. On the bottom I saw the words: "Arrest Alan Oxley."

Still, it didn't seem critical. Through Pethybridge my government would know where I was. As one of three Western correspondents left in Havana, I had to expect to be harassed. This was my twenty-first arrest in four years of Cuban coverage. I had been held incommunicado for days, my film had been seized, my broadcasts cut off, my cables censored or stopped. Once a pro-Castro mob had chased me through downtown Havana screaming "*paredón*"—to the wall!"

But as we reached Security Headquarters in the suburb of Vibora (which means viper), I began to feel uneasy. This was becoming very elaborate. Once inside the headquarters, my pockets were emptied. Even my ballpoint pen was taken. A clerk filled in a multitude of forms, and I was fingerprinted and photographed.

I was taken deep into the cavernous building, through twisting stone corridors and into a large room with a counter. On the wall was a clock. It was accurate but, I was to learn later, its chimes were not. I was given a prison uniform, a pair of khaki overalls, and a card on which was printed the number 2749. A man with very cold eyes said, "That is your number. It is your identity. Do not lose it."

We walked down another corridor which was lined on either side with steel doors. Each door had a heavy bar lock. We stopped before No. 7 and the guard lifted the bar and opened the door. This was my cell.

It measured ten lengths of my shoe in one direction and seven in the other. A partition extended from one wall. There was a faucet on one side of the partition and below it a three-inch drain which, it turned out, was for everything. On the other side of the partition was a fold-down bunk of steel wire. An ancient mattress half an inch thick and a soggy pillow lay on it. Both smelled horribly, for they were soaked in the sweat of men now dead or vanished. Later, scrawled on the wall, I found the name of a man whose execution I had reported. Here he had started—and here now stood I.

Three tiles made in the shape of an inverted V were set in the wall so that air passed but I could not see. At midday a faint gloomy light came in, but I was in darkness the rest of the time. My watch had been taken and that damnable clock chimed as it chose and soon I lost all sense of time. There is a curious and frightening disorientation when you are out of touch with time.

For the next three days I paced that tiny cell, living on bits of bread and an occasional cup of revolting soup and wondered why I was there. Things in Havana were quiet just then. The exile





Gavin Scott

OXLEY WITH YVES DOUDE (AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE) AND DANIEL HARKER (A.P.)

activity was down, guerrillas had been largely wiped out, the underground was under control and so the government was less edgy than usual. Of course, Havana, once one of the world's gay cities, is shabby and hungry today, its laughter gone. The trials before the Revolutionary Tribunal at *La Cabaña* and the firing squads had started again. Nonetheless, Castro's hold seemed stronger than ever and his regime more stabilized. Which brought me round robin back to my question. Why arrest me?

**T**HE answer came on Thursday, the third day. I was marched through a maze of corridors to an interrogation room. A man in a bright red sport shirt came in a second door. He was my interrogator. His name, all the name I knew or ever want to know, was Lt. Menier.

He eyed me for a moment, then asked if I knew two Canadians he named. Certainly I did. Though a British subject, I am a Canadian resident and know many Canadians in Cuba. Then, the lieutenant went on, I would be interested to know that these men had been arrested when they landed in Cuba in a plane loaded with food packages which contained tins packed with explosives and munitions for the underground. One of the men had confessed, the lieutenant said, "and he has fully implicated you." He tapped a sheaf of papers. "Here," he said, "is an espionage charge already drawn against you. We don't need any statement or confession from you. We have the evidence to convict you."

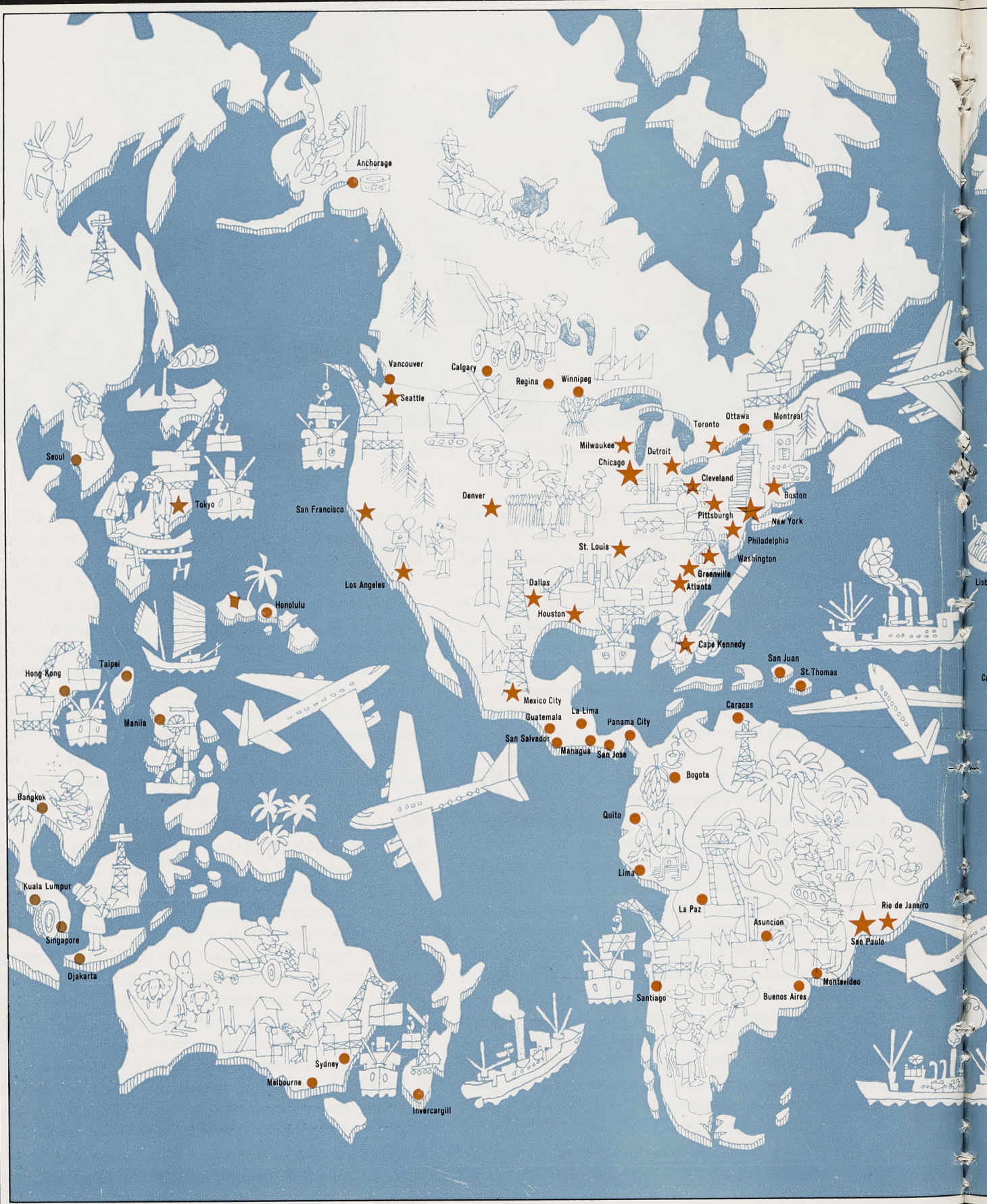
For a moment I felt dizzy. I was innocent, of course. But how in God's name could I prove it? Espionage, the most serious crime in Cuba, usually means death. I would go before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where a prisoner has no rights and is not allowed a real defense. Appeals are heard and denied within hours, and execution can follow within minutes. My government could not save me from this. I had covered a trial in which a Briton had been convicted and I knew that Americans had been executed.

Lieutenant Menier was glaring at me. "The revolution is no longer in diapers," he cried. "It wears long pants now. We have relations with England, but it makes no difference. Your Embassy can't help you. Only I can help you. Do you understand that? I can send you to the Revolutionary Tribunal tomorrow. We have the evidence."

"We don't care if we shoot your friends—or you. We can put you in prison. Or—" he paused and his voice changed—"we could just deport you. Now you are English and you should appreciate a cold English business deal. You have valuable information that I need. If I get it, I will let you go. It is that simple. Now you think about this. I like for my prisoners to think a lot."

Back in my blackened cell, I did indeed think. His idea was ridiculous. Everything I knew went into my dispatches—except the names of my informants. Could that be what he wanted? Reviewing the past year since the October missile crisis with the U.S., I decided that I had worked on two critical stories. *(Continued on page 58)*

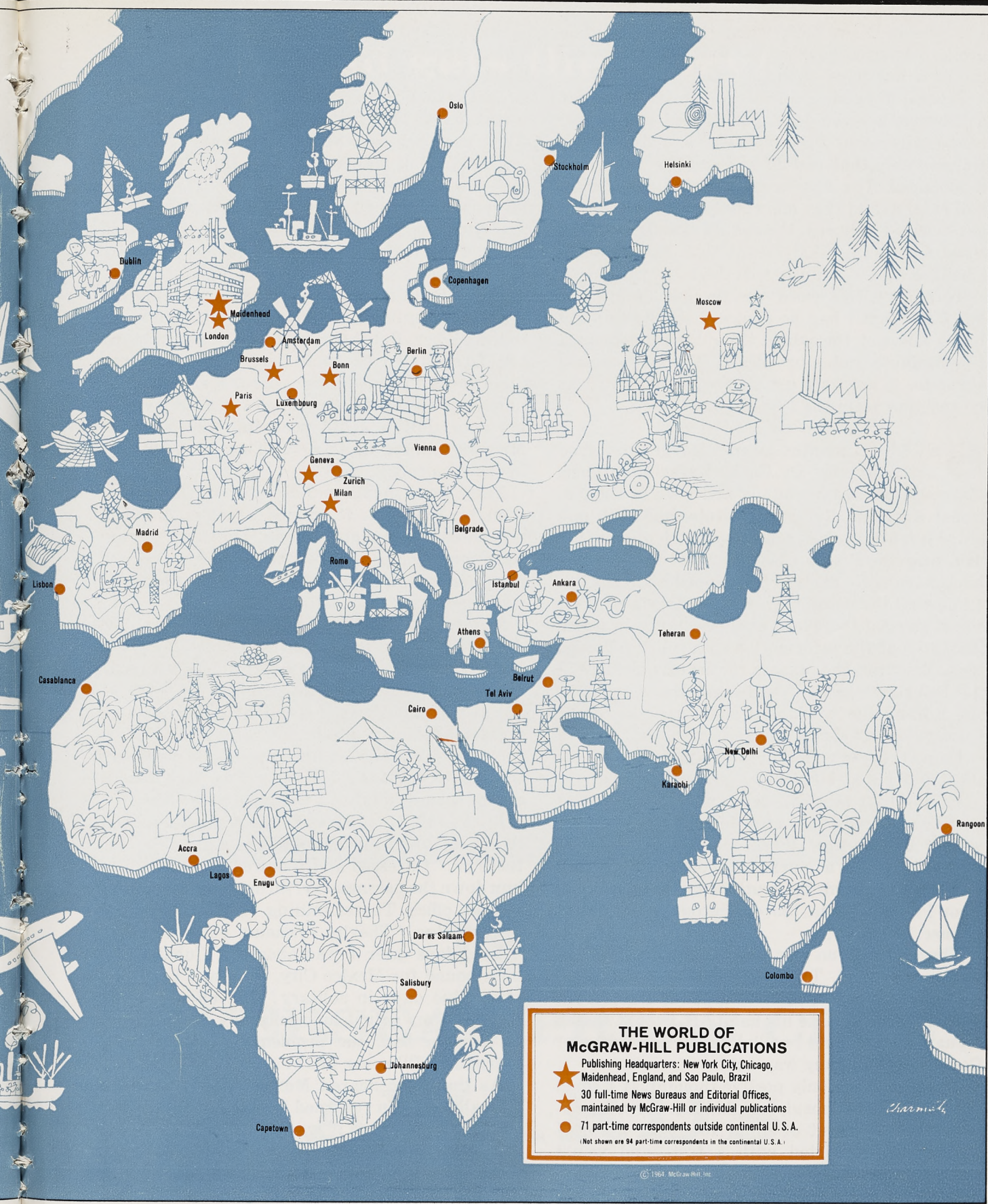




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I was in New York when the missile crisis broke. I hurried back on the first plane, was detained a few days, then set free.

Several days later an informant smuggled me a list that covered 15 pages. It had apparently been gathered by dock workers, and listed each Russian ship that had docked and the munitions it unloaded. The Americans believed 42 missiles had entered and they had counted 42 leaving. My list, which I believed, showed 88 missiles had entered Cuba—and that meant that 46 remained. I believe they remain to this day.

To put out this word was terribly dangerous, but I felt that I had no choice. I screwed up my nerve and put the whole thing on a telephoned three-minute radio broadcast. To my complete surprise, it not only got through but there was no reaction from the Cuban government.

**S**EVERAL months later I learned, on good authority, that Dr. Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, Moscow-trained Communist and head of the National Agrarian Reform Institute, had been machine-gunned in the exclusive suburb of Cubanacán, near the Russian Embassy and the home of his mistress. Four slugs had ripped his right leg. I knew all the details. This was important news, for it showed there was still resistance in Cuba. Again I put the information in a short radio report. This time the censors cut me off quickly, but not before enough got out to send the story flashing around the world. I was summoned to the Cuban Foreign Office and reprimanded.

Could these two episodes, nine months later, be what interested Menier?

Pacing that stinking cell I was in despair. If they considered me a spy, I simply had no answers. If they wanted the names of my informants, which I as a journalist wouldn't give, that fact would confirm the truth of my reports—and then I'd have been too dangerous a person to release.

There seemed no way out. I began drafting my will in my mind. Then rage overtook me and I began to wonder: Could I escape? If I asked for a priest, could I seize his habit? If I could snatch a guard's gun, could I walk him out as a hostage? Could I even find my way out?

Then I had my only positive thought. If I could see the British Consul, I would ask for a lie detector test in front of him. Not being a spy, I couldn't be convicted with a test—and would Cuba dare convict me without one after I'd publicly asked for it? It was a slim hope, but my only one and I clung to it.

On Monday I was taken to a barber and shaved. This, I knew, was a traditional preliminary to the trip to *La Cabaña*. But before I could worry over it, I was taken to an office where Joe Pethybridge was waiting. "They're holding you for espionage, Alan, and they say their case is solid," he said.

I blurted out my request for a lie detector test and saw Lieutenant Menier scowl. Then I was returned to my cell. Menier had yet actually to approach me for information, and as I paced about my stinking little cell I was in an agony of suspense.

They left me there all day Tuesday and through Wednesday, until, at 4:30 p.m., I was taken again to the barber. But this time I was returned to my cell. Gradually I began to hear noise about me. Steel doors were banging, guards were shouting numbers, feet were shuffling. I leaned against my door until I could peek into the corridor. Men were lining up in rows. They were turning in their uniforms.

They were going to *La Cabaña*. Oh God, I thought, I'm next. It seemed hopeless. I fell to my knees and began to pray. Outside the men were moving. I heard more numbers called and then I heard my own. "Has 2749 been shaved?" someone asked.

But no one came. Gradually the noise died down. By 7 p.m. the prison was quiet. And still I sat there. The fine-drawn terror began to subside, leaving me weak and shaken.

But why the shave, I wondered. And then the noise started up again. More numbers. More shouts. More prisoners lined up outside. I realized that the truck for *La Cabaña* was back for its second load—and that I would be part of it.

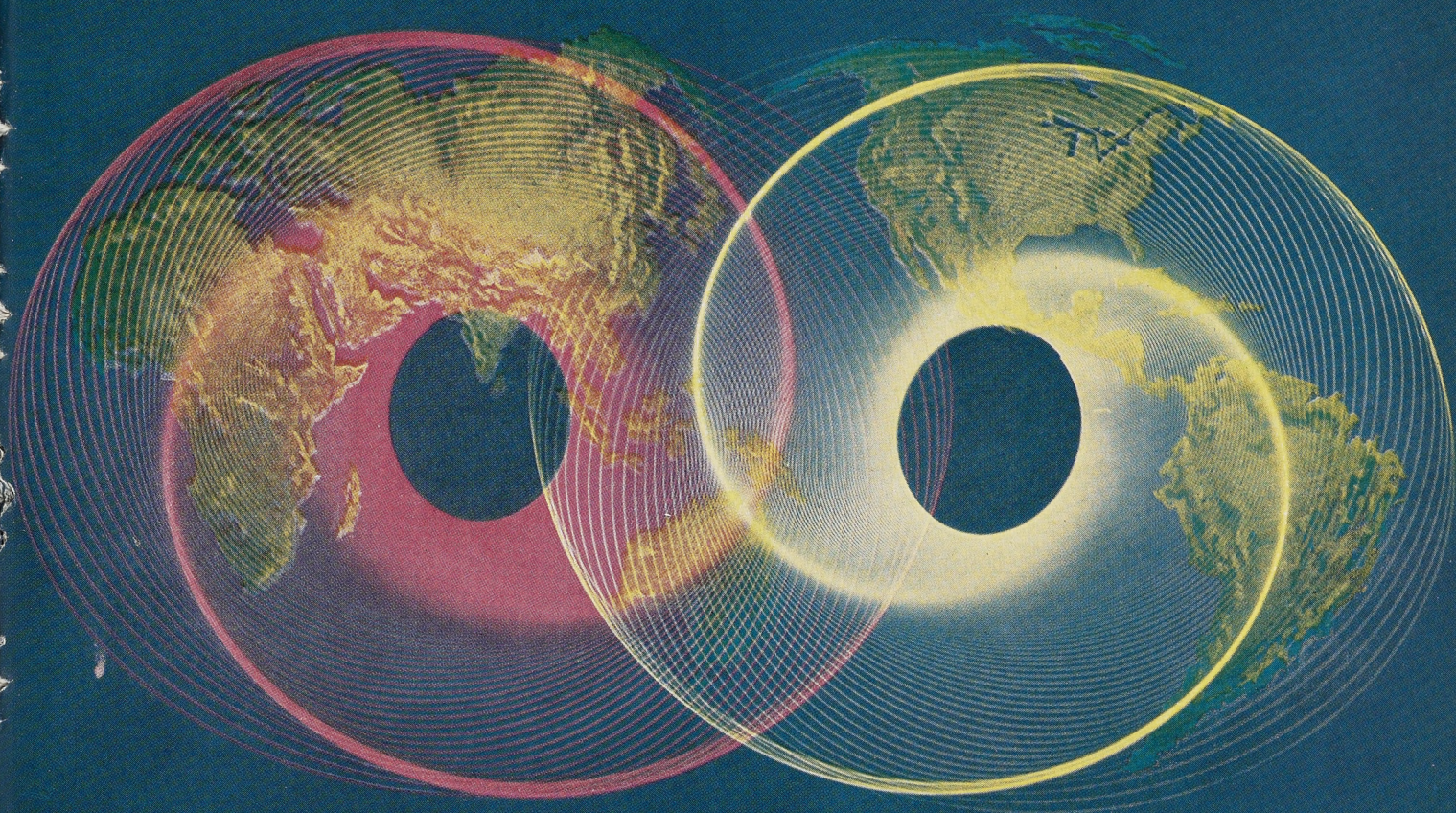
"Get 2749," a voice said, and my door opened. A guard threw my pants at me and said, "Put these on." I dressed and followed numbly behind him down the passageway, through a corridor and into an office. There, smiling broadly, stood Joe Pethybridge. "They're releasing you," he said.

Two days later I was aboard a Cubana Airliner bound for Mexico City. Why was I released after nine days in solitary? The efforts of the Embassy, my actual innocence, my request for a lie detector test, the problems of convicting a journalist? I'll never know.

As the plane neared Mexico City, I took out the ballpoint pen returned by the guards to start drafting notes. But it was dry. The guards had replaced my new filler with an empty one. I sat there with it in my hand thinking that it was like the Cuba I had gradually learned to hate—empty, petty, sad. Thank God I am gone. ■



... and gets the story!



**1964**  
**OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB**  
**AWARDS**



# The Pursuit of Excellence

**W**HAT is the meaning of an Overseas Press Club award?

It means that a foreign correspondent—whether he writes, broadcasts or shoots pictures—is honored at the top of his profession.

In the case of two of the awards it means that he is honored not only for excellence but for exceptional courage and enterprise. These two, the George Polk and Robert Capa awards, are given in the names of men who proved their own courage and enterprise. There is no other award like them.

These are the Medals of Honor of the newsman's profession. We do not award them lightly. We award them in the knowledge that other Polks and Capas will die for their stories. For the pursuit of excellence in a dangerous world often involves risks.

The OPC awards note skill as well as bravery. This year's entries, from which the final winners were chosen, document how high is the professional level of today's newsgatherers. Choosing was not easy. Eleven subcommittees of judges devoted hours to examination of all the submitted material before joining in the recommendations which determined the winners of the OPC 1964 Silver Jubilee Awards.

*Byrd Lewis*

1964 Awards Chairman



## Best Press Reporting from Abroad

**opc**  
1964 AWARD



AP

**AWARD:** *Malcolm Browne*  
*Associated Press*  
*Stories from Vietnam*

### CITATION:

*Ward Cannel*  
*Newspaper Enterprise Association*  
*Coverage of Africa*

A two-year hitch with Stars and Stripes in the Far East (1956-1958) convinced the A.P.'s Malcolm W. Browne that Asia was his part of the world. It is, he believes, the "fulcrum of contemporary history." A meticulous reporter with a science-minded fancy for facts, Browne is a scientist-turned-correspondent. He majored in chemistry at Swarthmore and NYU, turned reporter in 1956 and joined the A.P. in 1960.

The judges chose Browne's dispatches from Saigon in 1963 for their lucidity in content, compactness of style. "He has," they noted, "great organizing talent, and his stories seem as alive now as when they were hot news."



## Best Radio Reporting from Abroad

**AWARD:** *George Clay*  
*National Broadcasting Company*  
*War reporting from the Congo*

George Clay's vast beat is his native Africa. He was born in Bloemfontein, South Africa, 40 years ago and has roamed the continent as a reporter and broadcaster ever since. He was a South African infantryman in World War II, saw action in Egypt and Italy, came out a captain.

A friend says that Clay has developed a sixth sense that gets him behind the right tree at the right time. He has been shot at, shelled and charged; he has been arrested, beaten and wounded. Looking for trouble—and news—he is seldom in one place more than a few days.

NBC's Clay wins the award for his radio coverage of United Nations forces in their march (January 1963) from Katanga to Jadotville. Wrote the judges: "As mortars, machine guns and rifles cracked nearby, Clay reported the fighting with clarity and coolness."

Dmitri Kessel—LIFE



## Best Still Photographs from Abroad

**AWARD:** *Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)*  
*LIFE*  
*Coverage of Cuba*

The work of great lensmen such as Henri Cartier-Bresson makes of photography an art. For more than a quarter of a century this self-effacing French artist has been making pictures that need no credit line. They identify themselves.

Cartier-Bresson calls himself a "discoverer." He strives to come upon people and situations as they are in their essence. For him reality is the last word. "The camera is a kind of magnet," he says. "You want to catch the whole world in that little box."

In the judges' view, Cartier-Bresson caught for *Life* "the very soul of Castro's Cuba."

**CITATION:** *Horst Faas*  
*Associated Press*  
*Coverage of Vietnam*



Henri Cartier-Bresson





NBC

## Best TV Reporting from Abroad

**AWARD:** *Peter Kalischer*  
*Columbia Broadcasting System*  
*"Death of a Regime"*

Tokyo-based Pete Kalischer has spent most of his adult life in the Orient. He has seen a great deal of action, as participant or observer, ranging from World War II (technical sergeant, New Guinea, Philippines, Japan) to Korea (combat correspondent, U.P.) to Vietnam as CBS Far East Correspondent.

Of "Death of a Regime" the judges wrote: "Kalischer supervised film coverage of the revolution in Vietnam, reported on film scenes of the fighting under circumstances that put him in personal danger. The program was shot by Hans-Juergen Neumann and broadcast as a CBS Special one hour and 18 minutes after the plane carrying the film reached New York."

### CITATION:

*American Broadcasting Company*  
*"The Soviet Woman"*



CBS





## Best Movie Photography from Abroad

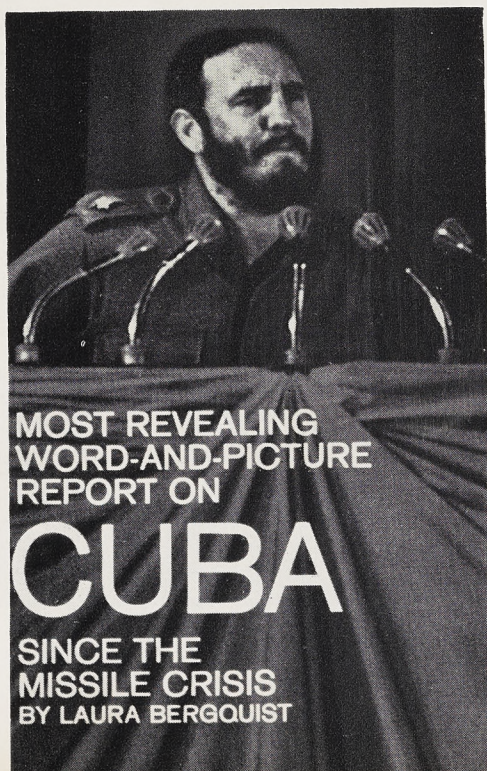
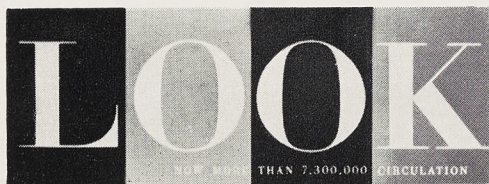
**AWARD:** *Columbia Broadcasting System team*  
*Narrated by Walter Cronkite*  
*"Ethiopia—The Lion and the Cross"*

Winner of many well-earned awards, Walter Cronkite is a reporter's reporter—any medium. In space and politics, in war and peace, he has truly eyewitnessed history and told it well—for 11 years with U.P., 13 with CBS. During World War II, he covered the Battle of the North Atlantic; he was in the first B-17 raid over Germany; he landed with the Allied troops in North Africa and in Normandy; he dropped with the 101st Airborne on Holland and was with Patton's Third Army when it broke out at Bastogne.

The story of emergent Ethiopia as told by Cronkite and cameramen Jean Reitberger and John Tiffin, said the judges, is cinematic reporting "at its best."



## Best Magazine Reporting of Foreign Affairs



**AWARD:** *Laura Bergquist*  
*LOOK*  
*"My 28 Days in Communist Cuba"*

*Look's* woman in Havana is unique among 1964 award winners. Miss Bergquist won the nod of the judges in two categories for her enterprising reporting out of Cuba. (For earlier coverage of Cuba she also won an OPC citation in 1961.) A University of Chicago alumna, Miss Bergquist has been a senior editor at *Look* for nearly ten years. The judges found "My 28 Days in Communist Cuba" to be in the best tradition of the craft, combining "background knowledge, effective first-person investigation and highly readable prose."

**CITATION:** *Jesse Gorkin*  
*PARADE*  
*Series of articles on the "hot line"*





CBS

### CITATION:

*Cameramen Joseph Vadala  
and Christopher Callery,  
Chet Huntley, narrator  
National Broadcasting Company  
"City and World"*

## Best Press Interpretation of Foreign Affairs

**AWARD:** *Louis R. Rukeyser  
Baltimore Sun  
Articles on Asia*

Award-winner Rukeyser, 30, is a member of a writing family. His father is the well-known financial columnist Merrylye Stanley Rukeyser. Brother "Bud" (Merrylye, Jr.) is at NBC, Brother Bill with the Wall Street Journal.

Lou Rukeyser, the Baltimore Sun's bureau chief in New Delhi, started his career on the Mount Vernon (N.Y.) Daily Argus, went on to become chief political reporter for the Baltimore Evening Sun. He did a stint with the Stars & Stripes in Europe.

The judges termed "outstanding" his series of articles on India, Goa, Pakistan, Cambodia, Nehru, Taipei and Vietnam.



Baltimore Sun

**CITATION:** *Melvin K. Whiteleather  
Philadelphia Bulletin  
Series on Europe*



## Best Radio Interpretation of Foreign Affairs



Impact Photos

**AWARD:** *Phil Clarke*  
*Mutual Broadcasting System*  
*"The Big Lie"*

Twenty-three years a writer, editor and foreign correspondent, Phil Clarke (*standing in photo*) arrived at Mutual via the A.P. and *Newsweek*. He went overseas during World War II, filed from the Middle East, Rome, London and Paris. At *Newsweek* he was a general editor for 6 years.

"The Big Lie" is a weekly program on the ways and means of Communist propaganda. It is written and narrated by Clarke in a manner the judges termed "lucid and dramatic."

**CITATION:** *John Chancellor*  
*National Broadcasting Company*  
*"The Presidents in Central America"*

## Best TV Interpretation of Foreign Affairs



NBC

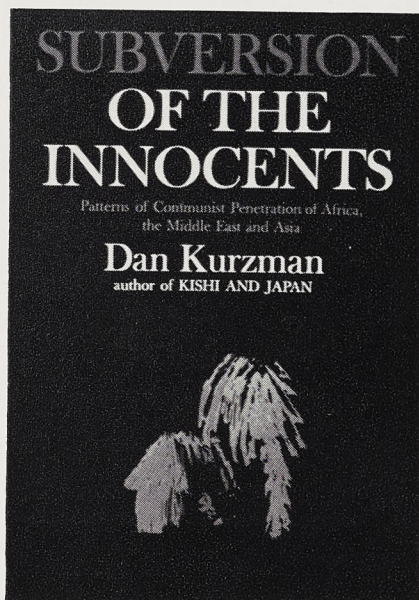
**AWARD:** *Fred Freed*  
*National Broadcasting Company*  
*"The Death of Stalin"*

One of NBC's "White Paper" series, this probing, hour-long documentary on the death of a tyrant was months in the making. Written and produced by Fred Freed, "The Death of Stalin" was, the judges found, a brilliant and sobering re-enactment of momentous events.

Freed, a Princeton graduate, was an editor at *Esquire* before going to TV. He served as a communications officer (destroyers) with the Navy in World War II.

**CITATION:** *Columbia Broadcasting System*  
*Narrated by Walter Cronkite*  
*"Ethiopia—The Lion and the Cross"*





**opc**  
1964 AWARD

## Best Book on Foreign Affairs

**AWARD:** *Dan Kurzman*  
*"Subversion of the Innocents"*  
*Random House*

In 16 years as a foreign correspondent, Dan Kurzman of the Washington Post has written or broadcast from about every major country in Europe, the Middle East, Africa and Asia. His award-winning study of Communist propaganda techniques and objectives in the underdeveloped nations was singled out by the judges as "a first-rate piece of reporting, well organized, exceptionally well written, dealing with a timely and important subject which needs to be brought to a greater public attention."

**CITATION:** *Richard Tregaskis*  
*"Vietnam Diary"*  
*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*



Davis—Washington Post



# opc 1964 AWARD



U.S. Air Force

## The Robert Capa Award

### AWARD:

*Larry Burrows*

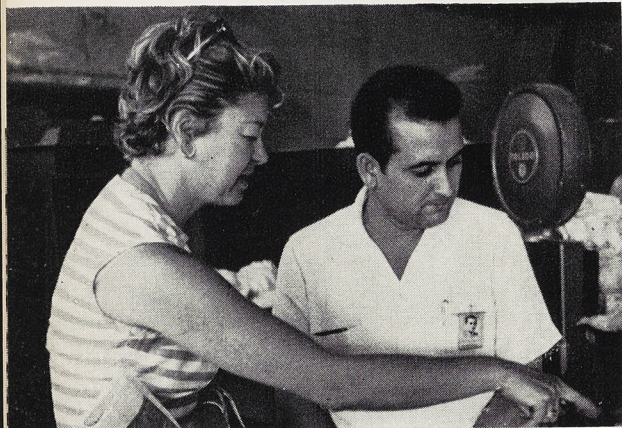
*LIFE*

*Color photographs of war in Vietnam*

*Life's* Larry Burrows, in the words of a foreign correspondent who has seen much of him in action, "is either the bravest man I ever knew—or the most near-sighted." Well, it isn't just myopia. Burrows wins this award for his "superlative photography and exceptional courage" in his coverage of the war in Vietnam, the very war theater where *Life* photographer Robert Capa died in action just ten years ago.

**CITATION:** *CBS TV Crew*  
*"Death of a Regime"*

LOOK Magazine



## The Ed Stout Award

**AWARD:** *Laura Bergquist*  
*LOOK*

*"My 28 Days in Communist Cuba"*

A second award for *Look's* Spanish-speaking Laura Bergquist. The Ed Stout Award, created by Vision Inc., pays a \$500 prize "for the best article or report on Latin America."

**CITATION:** *David Brinkley's Journal*  
*NBC*  
*"Tin Mines, Bolivia"*

Wall Street Journal



## The E. W. Fairchild Award

**AWARD:** *Ray Vicker*  
*Wall Street Journal*  
*Story on Soviet chemical industry*

For his "alertness and enterprise" in uncovering troubles in the Soviet chemical industry, Ray Vicker wins this \$500 business prize. Vicker is European news editor of the *Journal*.

**CITATION:** *Stewart Ramsey*  
*Business Week*  
*Iron Curtain Economics*



# LIFE

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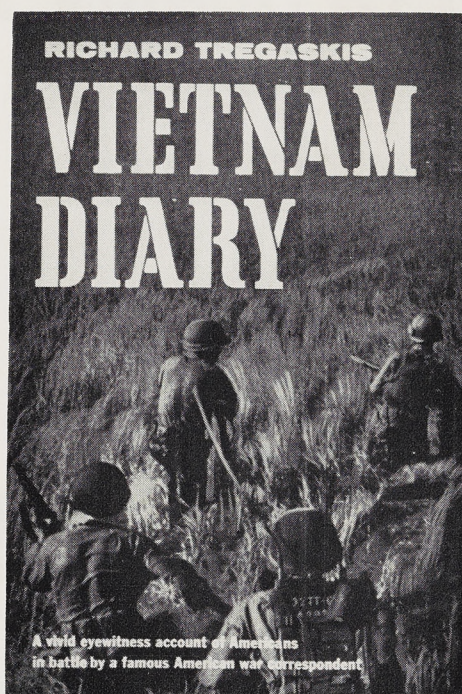
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1964 AWARD

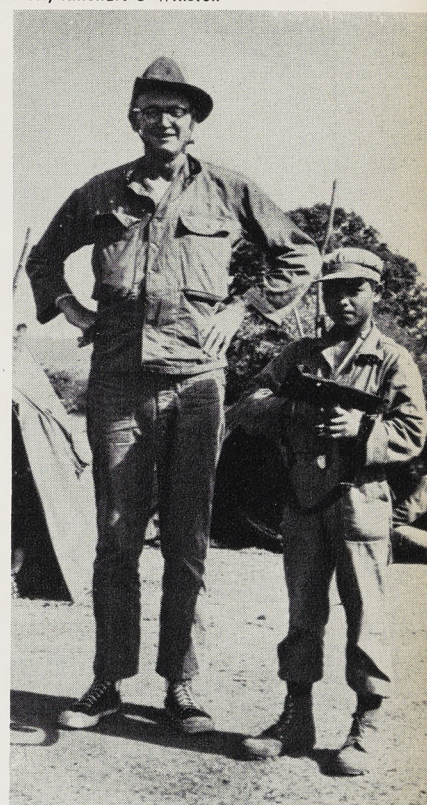
## The George Polk Memorial Award

**AWARD:** *Richard Tregaskis*  
"Vietnam Diary"

The towering (6 ft. 6 in.) figure of Richard Tregaskis was a familiar sight in the press camps and battle areas—both in Europe and the Pacific—of World War II. Veteran I.N.S. War Correspondent Tregaskis is a Bostonian of Cornish descent, a Harvardman (winner of five scholarships) and a prolific writer of adventurous prose. Among his best-known titles are *Guadalcanal Diary*, *John F. Kennedy War Hero* and *Vietnam Diary*. His book is a battle-wise account of four months of living and fighting with U.S. forces and wins for him the George Polk Memorial Award for reporting (any medium) "requiring exceptional courage and enterprise." This CBS-endowed award pays \$500.



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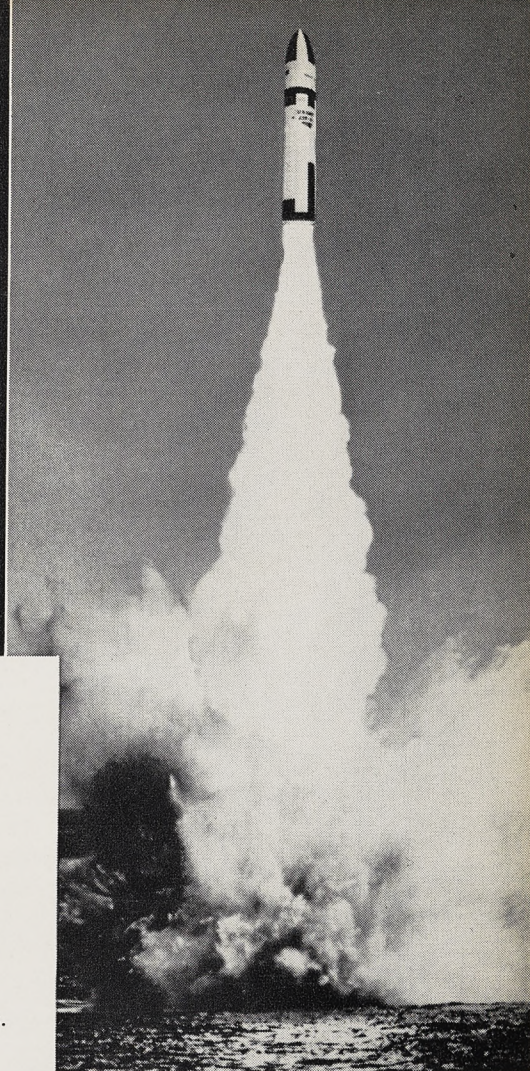
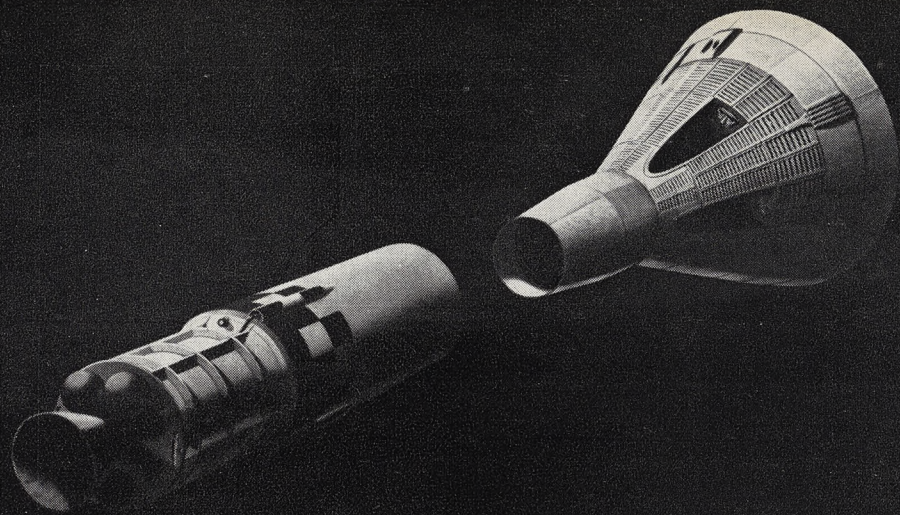


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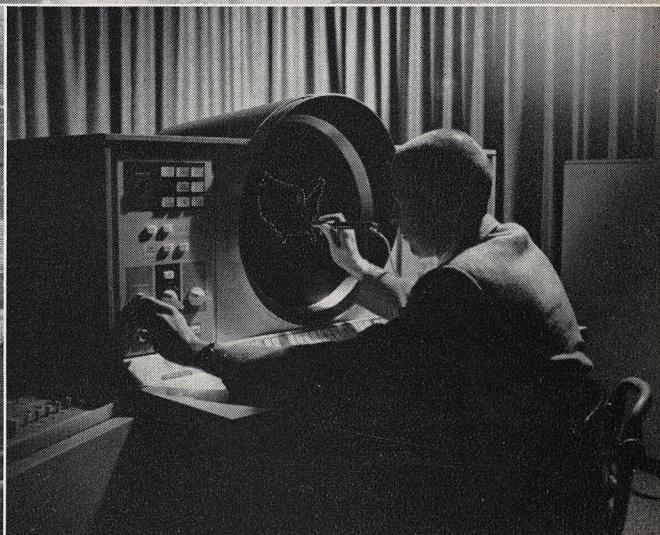
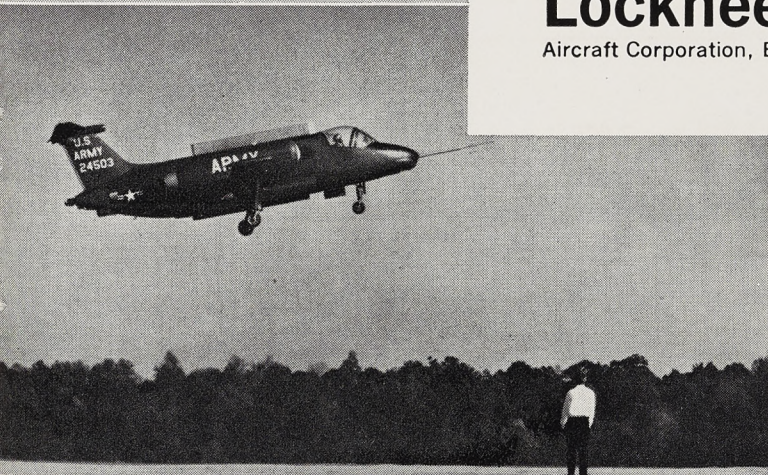


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Walter Daran

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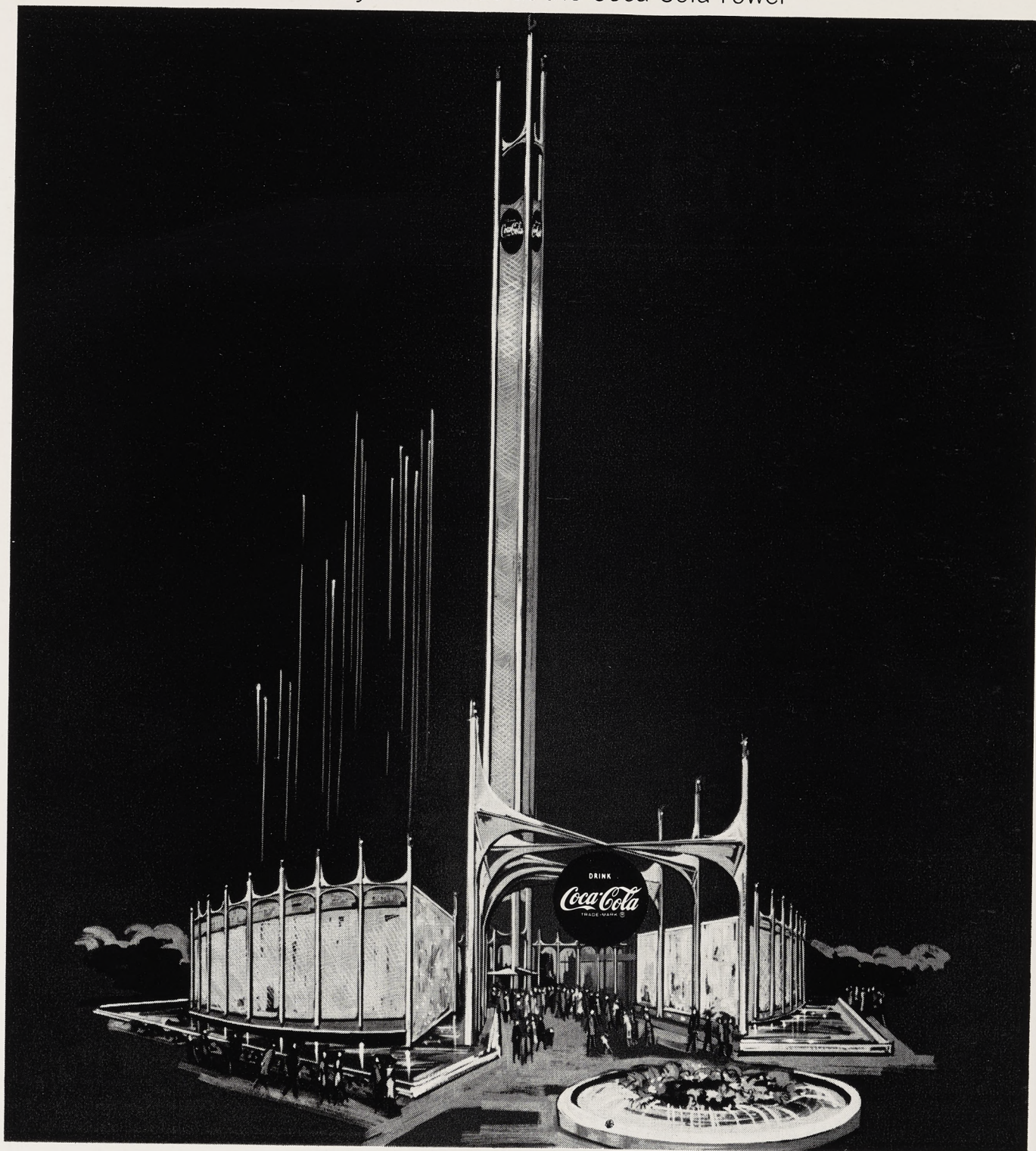
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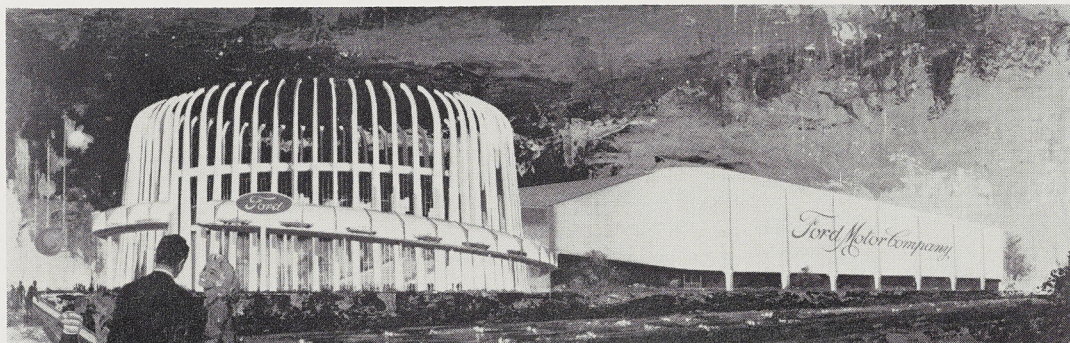




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insurance and the unisphere itself may never be duplicated in permanent buildings, but their influence will be felt wherever men with vision bend over the drawing board.

Building the World's Fair is much like preparing for a war-time beach-head landing. There is confusion everywhere at first, but order emerges and somehow D-day finds all the components and contingents at the right place at the right time.

Order is already perceptible. The city within is taking shape. Underneath there are 130 miles of voltage cable and 100 miles of low-voltage wire, ten miles of water and 22 miles of sanitary sewers.

It is anticipated that 250,000 visitors will come to the Fair. The estimated 30 percent of New York City's population will visit the Fair, with another 25 percent making the trip from within a 50-mile radius. The Fair will be a great place to see the world's most famous treasures.

#### Comfort to Be Expected

This will be a more comfortable Fair for the visitor than any of its predecessors. Whether one studies the ancient art works in the Spanish building, rides the moving chairs in the General Motors building or watches shows in the IBM building, lights will be more restful, pavilions air-cooled and stairs almost eliminated.

At the 1939-40 Fair on the same location television was a novelty. Nylon was unheard of and so were most plastics. But now the horizon will be broader. Atomic "explosions", nuclear fission and electronic marvels by the dozens will amaze the visitor. Eighty percent of the air-conditioning at the Fair

will be done by gas, which most persons link with heat. Simulated automobiles tied into closed circuit TV and a computer in the Socony Mobil hall will give drivers a chance to see the role speed, construction and other road problems play in gas consumption.

#### Big World

The Fair will be a great place to see the world's most famous treasures. The average family living in from the prairie to the Midwest or the hills will find the Fair much more than entertainment. It will, in truth, be an adventure in advanced education.

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swing through the air on a captive helicopter or fly in the real thing, travel around the amusement section on American Machine & Foundry's monorail train or ride an Alpine cable car straight across the Fair, more than 100 feet up.

#### A Man of Two Fair's

When the World's Fair of 1939-40 was undertaken, the first actual employee on the site was a construction man named Chris Kearney. He was hired in 1936 to operate the shovel used to fill the camps with refuse. He is back again at the Fair, more than a quarter of a century later, amazed at the building made of steel, stronger and more

It makes possible the Bell "saucer" block sized "floating" columns, and the Fair itself, weighing more than 100 tons, but touching earth on a tiny pedestal a few feet across.

It may be both dangerous and a place to take the long look even beyond the day when the last visitor leaves the grounds in the autumn of 1965. Yet the fact remains that the Fair—with all its other purposes and dreams—is a means to still another end.


On the site will emerge a park to serve the needs of future generations in a city fast becoming a place of steel and concrete. A few buildings will remain, but for the most part it will be a vast refuge of greenery and peace in the geographical and population center of the five boroughs of New York City.

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# MEET THE BOSSSES

by Marshall Loeb

*They seldom get bylines or screen credits, but they have a lot of say about those who do. They hire and sometimes fire; they shuffle and shift around, they prod, promote, and set the tone and style of their remarkable teams. They are "The Bosses"—those much discussed but little known insiders who captain the foreign correspondents. Each has his own way of doing business, but all follow certain disciplines. DATELINE introduces The Bosses of some of the New York-based major U.S. organizations that gather foreign news.*



Walter Daran

Roger Tatarian, U.P.I. ►

"U.P.I. is a spartan organization," muses Executive Editor and Vice President Roger Tatarian, 47. "We do without frills."

Compared with the A.P., Tatarian's U.P.I. tends to hire younger men and is more flexible on the question of taking on non-Americans. "We don't feel that wisdom is confined to a green passport," he says. Though he prefers to train foreign correspondents on U.S. desks, he has no rigid rules: "If there's a vacancy in Paris, and an experienced French-speaking American knocks on the door, we'd be crazy not to hire him."

Tatarian joined United Press straight out of Fresno State College in 1938, traveled the domestic circuit for eleven years. Then he moved to Europe for a decade and was European News Manager from 1953 to 1959. He now works an 8:30-6:15 trick five or more days a week, "consulting and second-guessing" as the U.P.I. report spills from two teletypes at his elbow.

He believes that "there are two types of correspondents: the self-starter who goes after a story when all hell breaks loose, and the other kind—who asks New York what it has in mind about coverage." Some time ago, one of Tatarian's correspondents was sent hustling to Syria; coming in for a landing, he spotted some Soviet MIGs on the runway at Damascus and started to write his first story even before he landed. That kind of enterprise makes Tatarian glow. ■





◀ Ben Bassett, A.P.

When hiring correspondents, some bosses look for gifted writers, others seek men with broad-ranging erudition or a specialized knowledge of a certain region. All these qualities matter to Associated Press Foreign Editor Ben Bassett, 54, but most of all he wants "the newsman who has a real *urge* to report." And the urge, he insists, has to be felt profoundly, whether the correspondent is covering the quiet of London or the disorder of Leopoldville. The A.P. has 58 foreign bureaus, and many of them are in difficult or demanding places.

Almost every one of A.P.'s staffers abroad has worked under Bassett's knowing eye and sharp pencil. Typically, the A.P. correspondent breaks in with a domestic bureau, then moves to the foreign news desk in New York—to rewrite, wrap-up and edit—for three months to three years.

Bassett himself began as a 16-year-old legman

for the Topeka State Journal in 1925, moved to the A.P. in Kansas City in 1930, has been foreign chief since 1948. He tries to polish up a major story or two himself every day, recommends others to be rewritten, suggests topics for the A.P.'s special reports and sends out a monthly journal of compliments, criticisms and tips on style that he calls "Bassett's way of putting a burr under the correspondents' hides."

But Bassett says that he gives his foreign bureaus "a good deal of autonomy." As he puts it: "We don't fire off a lot of directives. If a story breaks in France, for example, we try to let them alone unless there is an obvious slip. Our policy is to encourage the correspondent's self-confidence by letting him cover the story the way he sees fit." Correspondents apparently like the policy. Many newsmen make a long career with the A.P., and some—including Paris's Harvey Hudson and Joe Dynan and Rome's Jim Long—have been in the same bureau for 15 years or more. ■

UPI



U.P.I.'S TED SHIELDS, TATARIAN AND JOSEPH FLEMING AT CHECKPOINT CHARLIE





Walter Daran

### ▲ Emanuel Freedman, New York Times

From a corner desk in the block-sized city room of the New York Times, Foreign Editor Emanuel Freedman, 53, directs the largest overseas staff of any newspaper in the world—45 correspondents and 125 stringers. He gently goads this corps to search beyond the breaking news, to interpret but not to editorialize. “The whys and hows of the event are as important to us as the event itself,” says Freedman. “We want our correspondents to spot trends and to anticipate the event. The event itself sometimes serves merely as a takeoff point for a wrap-up of trends.”

The *quality* of everyday life in far-off places is a subject that increasingly fascinates Freedman. In his view, the ideal Times foreign correspondent has, for example, the knack that Abe Rosenthal showed in describing settings and personalities, as well as the late Milton Bracker’s ability to cover everything from labor strikes to political crises. Picking a foreign correspondent, Freedman looks for a man who knows something about the history and economics of the area he is assigned to, and can read and interview in its language. (Before Henry Tanner was sent to

the Moscow bureau, Freedman detached him for nine months of Russian studies, including the language.) Most of all, the Times correspondent must first have made his way at home as “a good general reporter.” “Usually it takes six months to two years for a qualified man to get overseas,” says Freedman.

A 30-year veteran of the Times staff (including a three-year stint in the London bureau), Freedman has been foreign chief since 1948. To keep in touch with his correspondents, he cables “a couple of hundred messages” and makes or receives some 20 overseas phone calls each week. He rarely puts his own pencil to a piece of copy; if a story dissatisfies him, he asks for a touch-up from a deputy on the foreign desk. He determines the size and play of most international stories, and shortly before the deadline for the first edition, he recommends stories for Page One play to Assistant Managing Editor Ted Bernstein. Freedman is in the office nine hours a day, five days a week—but middle-of-the-night calls to his Park Avenue apartment are far from unknown. “This is really a 24-hour, seven-day responsibility,” says Manny Freedman with a smile that indicates he doesn’t feel overwhelmed by it. ■



## ▲ William McAndrew, NBC

Behind a stack of papers in a spacious but quiet office, NBC's William McAndrew, 49, echoes the bosses' common lament: "I used to go overseas three or four times a year. Now I find that the people who work for me get all the good trips." NBC's Executive Vice President for News has 16 foreign correspondents and a large domestic staff working for him, and spends \$49 million a year on news, sports, public affairs specials and the "Today" show.

Being on-screen newsmen, McAndrew's correspondents (Huntley, Brinkley, *et al.*) are classified as "performers"; they are under contract, receive bonuses when they appear on sponsored programs. Says McAndrew: "What we look for is someone with a pleasant appearance, though he doesn't have to be an Adonis. He should also have something extra—let's call it 'flair'—and a good education, hopefully a foreign language and a few years of basic experience with a newspaper or wire service. You can't teach the essentials of news gathering in a broadcast station."

Because production costs are soaring, McAndrew believes that tomorrow's TV newsmen will need an increasing amount of technical knowledge: "He will have to look at news situations with the eye of a film editor. He'll shoot less but produce more." Bill McAndrew studied economics at Catholic University in his native Washington, D.C., started as a \$10-a-week copyboy with U.P. in 1935, but soon hired on with NBC's capital bureau and became its chief in 1944. ■

NBC



Robert Lockenbach—Black Star



## ▲ Richard M. Clurman, Time-Life

"The basic difference between the newsmagazine correspondent and the others," says *Time-Life* Chief of Correspondents Richard M. Clurman, 40, "is that ours don't file for publication." The files of *Time's* reporters—one million words a week—are combined with others, reinforced by background material and shaped into stories by writers and editors in Manhattan. Frequently, too, the correspondent supplies the pieces—a key quote from a distant figure in a story, or a check-out of a news source's recall—that provide the essential ingredient of a story far off his beat. If the correspondent's copy and pet phrases do not appear in print, his judgments do—and his deep-spade reporting contributes scope as well as substance to the final edits.

Says Clurman: "We don't draw the line between reporting and interpretation. We insist on judgments and opinions. What we want to know are the reasons something happened. For the correspondent, this is a hellishly difficult but enormously stimulating assignment."

Clurman is in his office seven days a week—unless he is off on one of his frequent "short trips over long distances" to visit *Time's* 50 full-time foreign correspondents (plus 54 in the U.S.) and 138 stringers. Last year he jetted abroad 15 times. Time Inc. travel is two-way. Overseas staffers visit New York about once every 18 months. ("There is no reason for him to be cut off from home base.") Last year the Time Inc. news service spent \$6,000,000 to get the news. ■





### ▲ James Cannon, Newsweek

*Newsweek's* James Cannon, 46, got quite a baptism of fire on the foreign beat. He was traveling in India for the *Baltimore Sun* in 1950 when the home office sent him a rocket that went approximately like this: "One of our Korea correspondents badly wounded. Another hospitalized. We've increased your insurance to \$50,000. Proceed Koreaward immediately."

He covered the combat for 18 months, later joined *Time* as a business writer, and in 1956 switched to *Newsweek*, where he has been a political writer, National Affairs editor, Washington correspondent and vice president. Last November Jim Cannon became *Newsweek's* first chief of correspondents, taking over a staff of reporters that has almost doubled in the past five years, to 20 abroad and 33 at home.

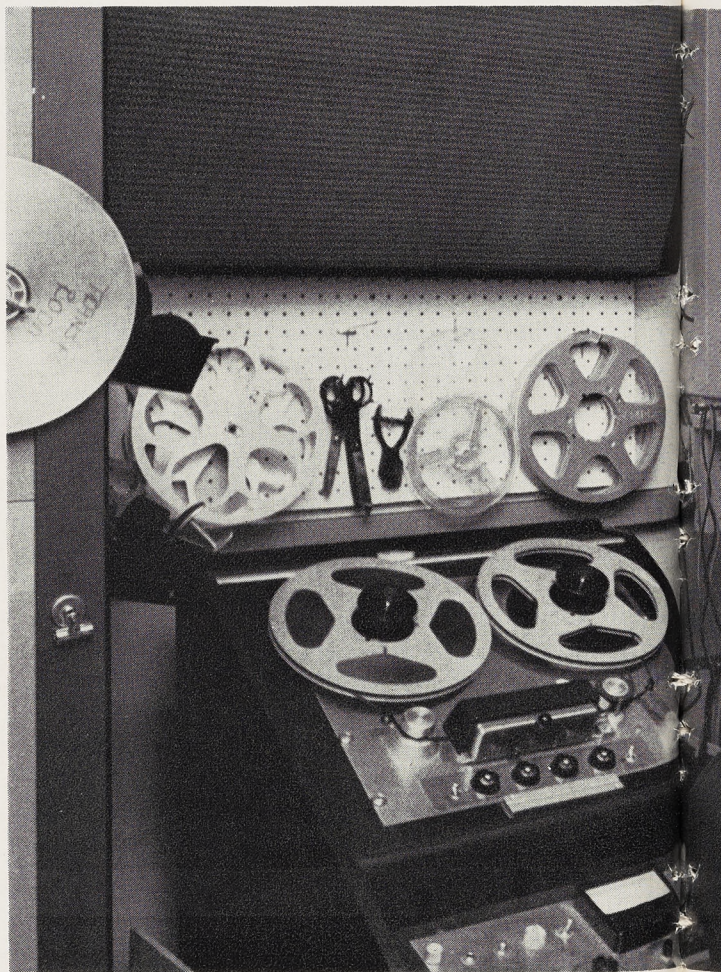
Cannon is impressed with the changes he has seen in his craft in 15 years. Correspondents have become better schooled, he believes, partly because the world that they are covering is infinitely more complex. "Everyone," says he, with a soft drawl, "looks for reporters with more depth and capacity for interpretation—that isn't unique with *Newsweek*."

What changes does he see coming? "Communications will get even better. When the satellites are up, they will be a big help. American publications will be sending more correspondents to Latin America. Within a decade, I think we'll have American reporters back in China. Most of all, stories will become more complicated, and the correspondent will be required to exercise a lot more judgment." ■

### ▼ Fred W. Friendly, CBS

When Fred W. Friendly, 49, was named president of CBS News in March, he became an item of news himself. Newspaper and magazine writers predicted that this longtime producer of *See It Now* and *CBS Reports*—and longtime partner of Edward R. Murrow—would try to infuse the whole network with the kind of aggressive coverage that distinguished his past TV examinations of Boston's bookies, Birmingham's racism and Wisconsin's Senator McCarthy.

Friendly hopes to regain the news lead from NBC by "more investigative reporting." He believes that "reporting isn't merely saying 'Here are the facts.' Reporting is digging, investigating, disclosing. I want our programs to do their own analysis so that the men who make up the next day's papers will look at CBS and find out what to put into their columns."





The first project he put in motion from his new post was an hour-long documentary on "Viet Nam: The Deadly Decision." With such programs, Friendly and his 13 fulltime foreign correspondents aim to convert the never-watch-television snobs. "Too many people don't watch television," he says, "and I'm going to see that they do." Despite this concern for the size of his audience, Friendly has a healthy skepticism of TV "ratings" and insists that he never looks at them. *His* bosses, of course, do.

New York-born, Friendly began in broadcasting by writing and reciting five-minute biographies of celebrated American industrialists, for which a Providence radio station paid him \$1 a minute. At CBS, he invests long hours in editing and is not easily satisfied. "Television is the best tool that journalism has ever been given," he sighs. "But right now the technology is more advanced than our ability to use it." ■



Walter Daren



Walter Daren

#### ▲ Richard Wald, N.Y. Herald Tribune

The youngest of the major bosses, 34-year-old Associate Editor Richard Wald of the New York Herald Tribune, has perhaps the toughest job of any of them: to compete uphill against the Times for supremacy in the morning. With eight foreign correspondents to deploy, Dick Wald concedes the edge in completeness to the opposition, but strives to outdo Manny Freedman & Co. in interpreting the big stories.

"For example," says Wald, "we didn't cover the recent Nazi trials so much as the reaction of the German people to them. And we did not ask Sanche de Gramont to file during his four weeks in Cuba. After he came out, Sanche did seven articles on what life is like in Cuba—just what we wanted." Wald takes pride in the fact that his correspondents often get good play in the 40 papers that buy the Trib news service—even in those that also get the Times service.

A native New Yorker who studied at Columbia and Cambridge (England), Wald joined the Trib in 1951 and was its man in London from 1959 through 1962. Now he supervises both its foreign and national reporting, a two-sided job that occupies him from 10:30 a.m. until midnight and gives him the dubious distinction of being one of the last commuters to Larchmont.

"All of us overwork," he smiles. "But anyone who works for the Trib knows that he has the chance to do whatever he wants. There's a place in the paper for anything our correspondents send us that isn't obscene or downright ridiculous. We're young, we're flexible, we do some crazy things—and sometimes they work out." ■



## John Wilhelm, McGraw-Hill ►

The business of McGraw-Hill—and its correspondents—is business. “We have created a kind of correspondent that never existed before,” says John Wilhelm, 48, chief of a network of 25 overseas staffers and 52 domestic reporters who file to 42 publications as diverse as Chemical Week and Oilgram News Service (which sells to subscribers for \$250 a year). In fact, Wilhelm supervises two kinds of newsmen: the rounded reporter who covers general economics and politics, and the technician or scientist, who learns his craft on the job. Ideally, a McGraw-Hill foreign bureau has at least one of each kind—and often several.

Administrator Wilhelm is, by training, more of an all-around newsman than a technician. Born in Montana and educated at the University of Minnesota, he reported World War II—from Normandy through V-E Day—for Reuters and the Chicago Sun. Shortly after McGraw-Hill World News was founded in 1947, Wilhelm opened its Buenos Aires bureau. He moved to Mexico City in 1949 and then on to New York headquarters in 1955. ■



Walter Daran

## Elmer W. Lower, ABC ►

The president of ABC News, Elmer W. Lower, 51, has touched about as many bases in printed and electronic journalism as any man can hope to cover. In the 31 years since he left the University of Missouri School of Journalism, he has been a newspaper reporter in Louisville and Flint, Mich., the U.P. overnight editor in Washington, the A.P. photo assignment editor in New York, a *Time-Life* correspondent in Los Angeles, Paris and Tokyo, and chief propagandist of the U.S. High Commission for Germany. Since switching to television a decade ago, he has worked at all three major networks—first as CBS's Washington news manager, then to NBC before joining ABC last August.

Making do with less bench strength than his two competitors, Lower admonishes his ten foreign correspondents to “hit the top stories hard and don't bother with the third-rate stories at all for television.” Like most news chiefs, he senses a trend toward interpretive reporting and hopes to exploit it. Lower (*right in photo*) hopes to schedule more half-hour and one-hour TV specials, focusing on the big stories. ■



ABC





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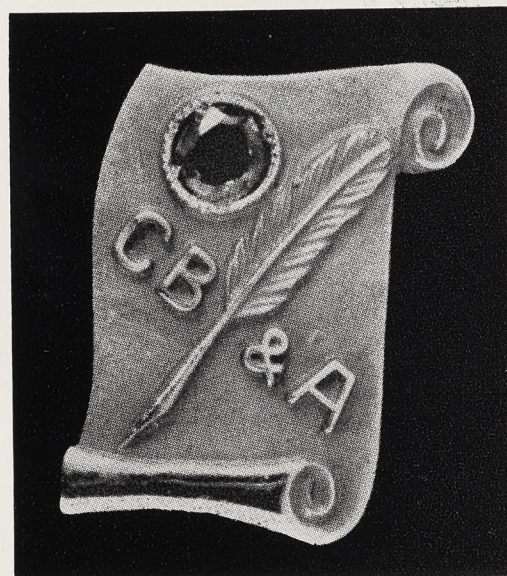
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ter of national pride. It's a question of staying ahead in technology. If we don't, we can't hope to remain a world power. Our efforts to land a man on the moon will result in new discoveries. Just as the airplane hatched better ways to do things. Scientists call it technological fallout. That's good fallout. The kind of fallout that will fire up our economy, provide new industries, new jobs, and new ways to make the earth a better place to live. Grumman is designing and building the Lunar Excursion Module. We're proud to do our part in helping to land U.S. astronauts on the moon. When they do land, it will be proof of this nation's continuing leadership in science and technology. And these developments will be available to assist our defense capability. Remember that, the next time somebody asks if the trip is necessary.

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**T**HE hair on the heads of the remaining founding members of the Overseas Press Club has indeed turned to silver, but we love the Club just the same.

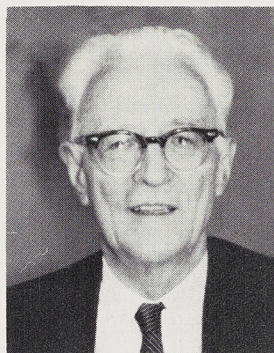
Twenty-five years ago this April 9, 1964, a handful of men and women reporters back from service overseas sat around a table in Manhattan's Hotel Algonquin and talked. From that session evolved a *confrérie* unequalled anywhere for its wealth of fourth estate talent. Foreign and domestic correspondents, radio and TV commentators, editors, authors, publicists—we claim this peripatetic clan as kindred.

From nine founding members and 16 charter members, we've grown to some 3,200 strong, and still growing, which is the main reason we've had to move to bigger and better quarters no fewer than eight times.

Charlie Ferlin was a reporter (A.P., U.P., Paris Herald) who had covered the prewar Paris-Berlin-Moscow beat. In March 1939, back from Europe, he hunted around for some ex-foreign correspondents with whom he could talk shop over a comradely bottle. Rocky's Bar on the corner of 9th Street and Sixth Avenue reminded Charlie of Harry's New York Bar in Paris, so he frequently did his nostalgic imbibing there. In this saloon, with the late Sam Dashiell and Hal Lehrman (ex-A.P., Paris, then with Havas) as drinking companions, the OPC idea was born.

Sam covered France and North Africa for the United Press and knew by first name a score of fellow correspondents now returned to America. He and Charlie put together a list of names. Gene Lyons of the U.P., back from Moscow, submitted some more. A phone call from Charlie to Wythe Williams, then editor of *Greenwich Time* in Connecticut, set up a date at the Hotel Algonquin for the first meeting (a brunch) of the

unnamed club. The two had the sense to reckon with the power of women and rounded up Irene Kuhn and Mary Knight, back from assignments in the Far East, Fay Wells and Sonia Tamara. Together they comprised the nine founding fathers and mothers. They had also recruited seven other friends and colleagues to join them for that historic brunch — 16 present in all. The date was April 9, 1939.



FOUNDER FERLIN

At the second official meeting, the all-important organizational session, there were 30 of us. The original constitution and bylaws were the work of Lyons (later to become president of the Club, now a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*) and Columnist Irene Kuhn. Also present with many of us lesser luminaries were Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Bob Davis of the *Sun*, and others of like stature.

Bob Davis landed us a rent-free mezzanine office and club room at the Hotel Gladstone on 52nd Street, actually the first permanent "home" of the OPC. It was not much — a small, windowless sitting room adjoining a cubicle furnished with desk, accordion paper file box, and a rented typewriter. We printed our own stationery with the double-globe insignia that is still our trademark. Here, at the Gladstone, thanks to the generosity of hotel management's "rental courtesy," we launched the OPC on its way toward a truly great first year. Our membership jumped to 300 when the war in Europe forced more correspondents into "exile" back home. We held weekly luncheons, often making news. During our two thriving, rent-free years at Gladstone, our annual dinners were instituted.

We now felt assured enough to break with tradition. And we did. We were admitted into the venerable Lotus Club where, for almost five years, we wrote a lively chapter of our history.

Our next stop was Times Square. Following our years of fraternity at the staid Lotus, we



went in for pleasurable independence in the crazy triangular suite we rented in the Times Tower; year, 1947. Yes, we really began to pay our own rent, and to sell our own drinks, the latter strictly by literary license. We didn't have a liquor license. We stayed in Times Square seven years.

Flashback, 1939: three pals at Rocky's Bar dreaming of a press club. Dateline, 1954: an elegant five-story town house on 39th Street, our new midtown World Press Center; membership of the club in the thousands. During our extremely fruitful and memorable years on 39th Street, we opened our doors to the public through art and photo exhibits, panels and distinguished speakers. We gave our forum to national and international figures. Audience overflow often took us out of our own clubhouse and the squeeze of



THE LATE JOHN F. KENNEDY AT BOOK NIGHT (1956)\*

lively success, welcome though it was, began to pinch us once again. In 1959, action for a larger World Press Center got underway.

As it happened, we would have had to move in any event. A building boom had hit 39th Street. The hallowed Princeton Club was sold, an office building planned in its place, and our two small buildings fell across the path of construction. This might have meant battling our poverty against a brick wall. Instead, after a short period of brilliant *pourparlers*, our negotiators concluded one of the most successful real-estate deals of its kind—a \$675,000 price for our displacement pains. This was followed soon by an even

\* L. to r., top row: George Hamilton Combs, John K. M. McCaffrey, Henry La Cossitt, W. W. Chaplin. Bottom: Katharine Leeds, Senator Kennedy, Louis P. Lochner, Irene Corbally Kuhn.

more sensational real-estate coup. Working as a team, the Correspondents Fund and the OPC acquired the old Republican Club at 54 West 40th Street, opposite Bryant Park and the new York Public Library (some members consider the latter as auxiliary "sleeping quarters"). We paid \$600,000 for the eleven-story G.O.P. lair—furniture and equipment included! Time, 1961.

After our first year on 40th Street we could look back on meetings, panels, press conferences and social galas which have come to be regarded as uniquely "OPC." In line with our Government's policy embodied in the Alliance for Progress, special emphasis was given to visiting Latin American personalities. Chiefs of state, ambassadors and ministers came to call and to speak.

Sifting the deposits of the past 25 years, we find that the interest and curiosity of the OPC membership led us into extended areas of civilized activity other than shop talk at the Club. We continue to strive for the highest standards in journalism by bringing to public attention the winners of the OPC annual Awards. Book Nights for our own journalist-authors and distinguished non-member authors are now a regular and popular feature. The late President Kennedy (*Profiles of Courage*) was a Book Night guest. We dabble in travel (charter flights to Europe for members); Sunday musicales, gastronomy (the *OPC Cookbook*), art exhibits, education, journalism seminars and editorial forums.

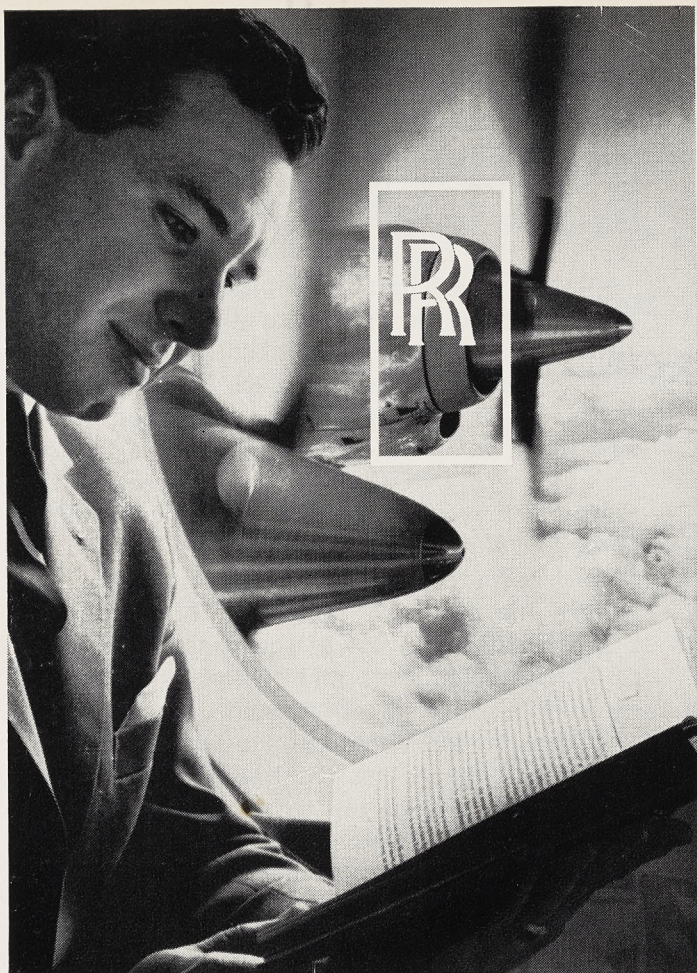
**T**HE Correspondents Fund, born in 1943, was set up to grant emergency assistance to ex-foreign correspondents, who, because of age, illness, or other unfortunate circumstance, are in need of help. Gracefully (and quietly, we hope) the Club has paid out thousands of dollars for this help. The Fund is the actual owner of the Memorial Press Center.

But it is the newsman himself who makes the OPC a center of international life in the heart of New York. It is he who gathers and reports the news, interprets it, talks his head off about it. And it is he who often risks his life to get it. Our tenth-floor memorial wall lists no fewer than 96 newsmen and newswomen who have died since 1940 in the performance of duty.

The first 25 years of the Overseas Press Club have brought us to a healthy young maturity as we look to the challenges ahead. Space age? What newspaperman doesn't know how to grab space? That challenge is a natural.

I say, where's Charlie? Let's drink to Baby's next 25. ■





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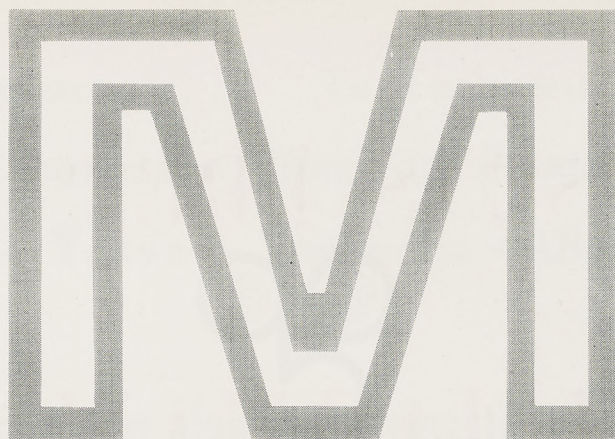
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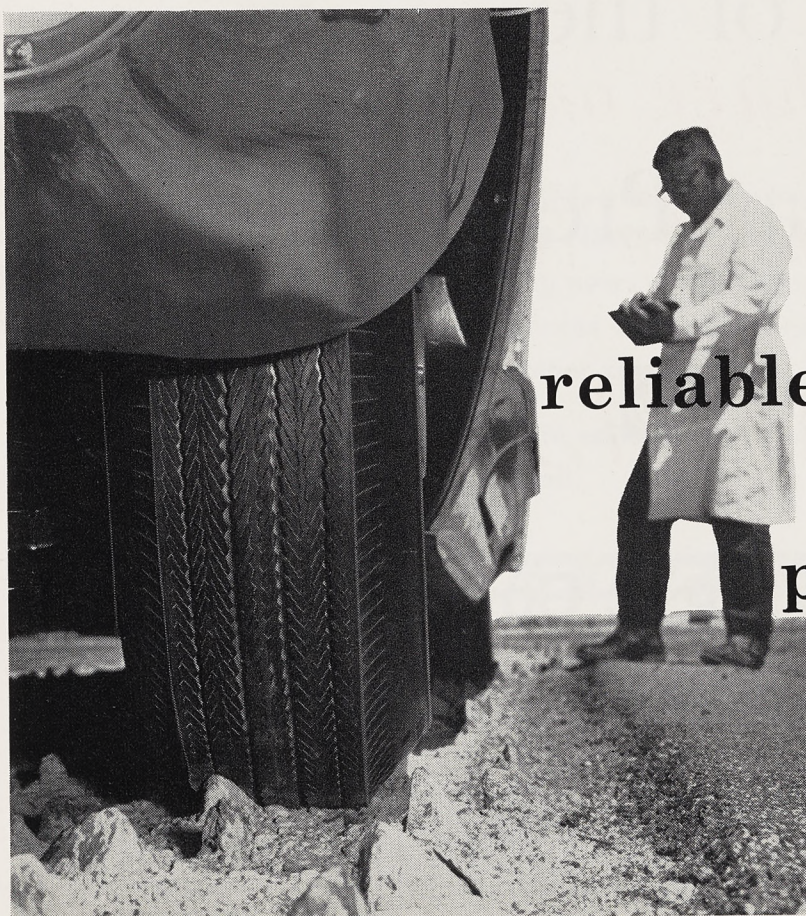
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# HOW I GOT TO BIKINI

by Robert Sherrod

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**T**HE story begins in Simla, India, where I was covering the liquidation of the British Empire in the spring of 1946. The British cabinet mission which Prime Minister Attlee had sent out from London had not come to contest the liquidation but to devise a method of awarding India its independence without splitting the country in two. This was what Gandhi and Nehru wanted, too. But the leader of the Moslems, Mohammed Ali Jinna, insisted on the creation of Pakistan, and in the end he won.

The conference was about to break up in failure when I received a cable from the New York office approving my suggestion that I cover the atom bomb tests at Bikini on the way home. This obviously would be one of *the* stories of 1946, a vintage year for foreign copy. A lot of people thought these would be the last two atom bombs ever exploded; in addition to the press, the scientists and the military, many foreign observers were invited to the big demonstrations, including Professor Simon Alexandrov of the U.S.S.R.

My problem was to get from the foothills of the Himalayas to the lagoon of Bikini Atoll, 13,000 miles distant by the route I had to travel, including working stopovers in Manila, Shanghai and Guam. Nowadays, getting from one place to another seems absurdly simple; last year I made one trip around the world and three to the Middle East, interspersed by a side trip to New Zealand and another to Yugoslavia—all without a hitch.

In the vast reaches of the Pacific and the Far East, transportation in 1946 was a problem for the foreign correspondent. Without adequate wheels he is as useless as a bow without arrows. Military sources, which had become very efficient as the war wore on, had deteriorated into occasional mismanaged flights, and the civilian lines had barely begun to operate. When the military did carry civilian passengers, flocks of uniformed Americans were usually waiting to be repatriat-

*One of the hardy small band of great war correspondents, Robert Sherrod served two stints in the Far East, 1945-48 for Time and Life and 1952-55 for The Saturday Evening Post. Last year, after seven years as the Post's managing editor and one year as its editor, he returned to writing with the title of editor-at-large. He is the author of "Tarawa, The Story of a Battle"; "On to Westward"; "History of Marine Corps Aviation"; and he wrote the text for Time Inc.'s first book, "Life's Picture History of World War II."*

Peter Stackpole—LIFE



THEN: SHERROD ON SAIPAN, 1944



ed, and in order to get a seat, it was necessary to wangle a high priority. To discourage civilians, the military charged steep prices—such as the \$1,392.65 I paid the Army late in 1945 to ride from Washington to New Delhi, twice what the same flight costs in 1964.

The 200-mile trip from Simla to New Delhi only entailed a journey down the mountain in a truck and an overnight train ride, for which Thomas Cook's would rent a sleeping bag. Getting to Manila was more complicated.

The first leg of the journey, some 800 miles to Calcutta, had to be flown on an Indian civilian airline, but there wasn't any way to make the longer jump from Calcutta to Manila, about 2,200 miles, except by the U.S. Army's Air Transport Command. The ticket had to be bought in advance, so I took myself to the ATC office at the airdrome and handed the lieutenant 900 rupees (\$270). He didn't have time to make out my ticket, and I had a piece to write, so I said I'd send a messenger to pick up the ticket and thirty rupees change.

When Ali returned, he brought not a ticket but a message from the lieutenant, which I have retained to this day because nothing like it has ever happened to me, before or after: "Since seeing you this afternoon, I have determined definitely that I did not take the 900 rupees from you today at the Air Base. . . . I sincerely hope you have not misplaced the money to (sic) well." Apparently I had misplaced it damned well. I had no choice but to write out affidavits to the lieutenant's superiors in Calcutta and Washington (witnessed by another correspondent who had been with me when I paid the money), and to buy another Calcutta-Manila ticket. This time I waited while he wrote up the ticket.

My Indian National Airways ticket for the New Delhi-Calcutta flight said my plane was leaving next morning at 0550, so I showed up, bright and chipper, at five o'clock. "Oh, no," said the Indian behind the counter, "you had the wrong information. The plane left at 0450." Plainly, I wasn't even getting off the ground, and I had a long way to go. No more planes were listed that day for Calcutta, which meant that I stood to miss the ATC plane for Manila.

In such cases, the British can frequently be helpful, so I appealed to a friend on Field Marshal Auchinleck's staff, Brigadier Desmond Young (he later wrote a successful book, *Rom-*

*mel, The Desert Fox*, and he deserved every bit of his success). Brigadier Young found that a wandering RAF York bomber was leaving at noon, and he got me a lift. So, late in the afternoon, I found myself in Calcutta.

Did I have the promised reservation on the ATC plane leaving for Manila next morning? I did not. Neither did I have the priority which had been assured. In the company of Don Huth of the Associated Press and Henry Keys of the London Daily Express, I began a frantic search for the priorities officer. He had a dinner date with a girl, but we couldn't locate him in any Calcutta restaurant. We even searched the various lovers' lanes American soldiers were known to favor. Finally, we found him, a very agreeable fellow.

"Well, your ticket specifies a No. Four civilian priority," he said. "You need a Two. It will mean bumping someone." "My conscience hurts," I said, "and I wouldn't ask except for the bomb. But c'est la post-guerre."

The C-54 was ten hours late in leaving. We seventy passengers, all that could be crammed into the plane, spent the last two hours sitting there, ready to take off. The midday sun in Calcutta in May frequently sends the thermometer to 110, and it beat on that aluminum plane until I felt certain that the rivets would melt. In those days, there were no machines to cool waiting planes, so three pas-

sengers fainted and the rest of us were gasping when we finally took off. Eleven hours later, after a stopover in Bangkok, we reached Manila.

"What next?" I wondered as I tried to sleep in Manila's drenching humidity. I had a couple of days to spend in Manila on a story about Philippine indepenence, which was to be declared shortly. Then I had to fly north to Shanghai for a few days to try to find a place in that mad city for my family to live, before proceeding to Honolulu. If all went well I would make the ship at Honolulu which would take us to Bikini.

Planes for Shanghai left on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Everyone remembers how in those days one had to take many immunizing shots: yellow fever, smallpox, plague, typhus, typhoid, tetanus and cholera among others. I had suffered small, immunizing doses of all the Oriental diseases, so I confidently handed my vaccination record to the officer at the ATC booking office.

"You haven't had Chinese plague," he said.

"What's Chinese plague?" I asked.

Russell C. Hamilton



AND NOW



"It's a new one. Strict orders. You've just got the old plague."

"Well, all right, where do I get the Chinese plague shot?" I asked. He directed me to the infirmary, but added, "It takes three shots, a week apart. You might as well settle down."

Even though I was accustomed by now to the unexpected, I was floored by this news. But only momentarily, for one can always find a way. Try as I might, I couldn't locate anyone to waive the Rule of the Chinese Plague.

Two bits of news made the world seem a little brighter. A cable from New Delhi told me the lieutenant had found my 900 rupees, "which got mixed up with some newspapers." And Bill Gray, our Shanghai correspondent, cabled that he had arranged with the Chinese for me to land there without a visa (my attempts at the Chinese consulates in New Delhi and Manila had been fruitless). But the problem of getting to Shanghai on a U.S. Army plane remained. So, one day I went out to the airport and got on the plane, anyway. Nobody said, "Chinese plague," or anything else. Seven hours later I was in Shanghai.

After a few days in China, I picked up my military orders and boarded an eastbound Navy plane, stopped off three days in Guam to do a story, and started for Honolulu by way of Kwajalein, our biggest base in the Marshall Islands. A couple of hours out of Kwajalein one of the plane's four engines conked out, and we had to turn back. But by this time an engine failure seemed a minor mishap; after a five-hour delay I was on the way again, and arrived in Honolulu in plenty of time to join 117 other reporters who had sailed from San Francisco aboard the press ship *Appalachian*. As we proceeded westward to the Marshall Islands, it all seemed too good to be true. I was going to witness the atom bomb, after all, and I was having extraordinary luck in the after-dinner poker games. No trouble except the dysentery which almost everyone acquires in India, and the ship's doctor was stuffing me with pills guaranteed to cure old Delhi-belly.

**A**FTER six days we reached Kwajalein, a couple of hundred miles south of Bikini, and that's where my luck turned again. Something like a bayonet jabbed my right side, so I stumbled to the dispensary near AAF headquarters.

"Hard knot in the lower right quadrant," said the doctor. "I think you've got appendicitis. Take off your clothes and get into bed, and I'll see whether we have to operate."

I was damned if I was going to miss the atom

bomb after coming this far. I slipped out of the infirmary and found a jeep to take me to the other end of the island. There I found a Navy infirmary. The doctor said he didn't think I had appendicitis, even though the blood count of white corpuscles was high. I felt better as I went back on board the *Appalachian* and sailed for Bikini.

So I got to see the bomb go off, and it made quite a mushroom, although some correspondents were disappointed because it didn't sink all the 73 ships staked out as targets. (This was a primitive, Nagasaki-type bomb.) Now I could leave coverage of the underwater explosion (which proved far more devastating) to Eddie Jones of our Washington office, who had joined us.

**F**ROM Kwajalein I flew 600 miles down to Tarawa Atoll in the Gilberts, where a graves registration team was trying to find the bodies of the thousand U.S. Marines killed there in 1943. (It turned out that the airstrip had been built over their graves, and only one of four was ever found. It made quite a story.)

On the flight back our C-47 stopped at Majuro Atoll to refuel. It was there that I had the worst fright I have ever had in an aircraft. I have already hinted that some of our boys in uniform in this postwar period weren't the world's smartest fellows. The sailor who refueled our plane put water in the tanks instead of gasoline. As we rolled down the runway, the pilot said, "The engines don't sound right"—and it was no wonder. He cut the engines and stopped the plane just as we reached the end of the coral runway. Thirty seconds more and we'd have been airborne.

From Kwajalein I caught a ride in a deluxe "admiral's plane," which served steak for dinner, something unheard of in those days of box lunches and bucket seats. Two days and 7,300 miles later I was in New York, and that is the end of a correspondent's tale of travel in 1946.

All except a couple of footnotes:

Three years after Bikini I was driving down Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C., when that bayonet stabbed me in the right side again. Within two hours the doctors had my appendix out. "You should have had this operation a long time ago," said the surgeon.

In 1951, I was introduced to a WAC major in Stuttgart. "Oh, I know who you are," she said "you bumped me off a plane in Calcutta."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "My conscience did hurt me."

"Oh, it was all right," she said. "I was in love and I didn't mind staying in Calcutta." ■





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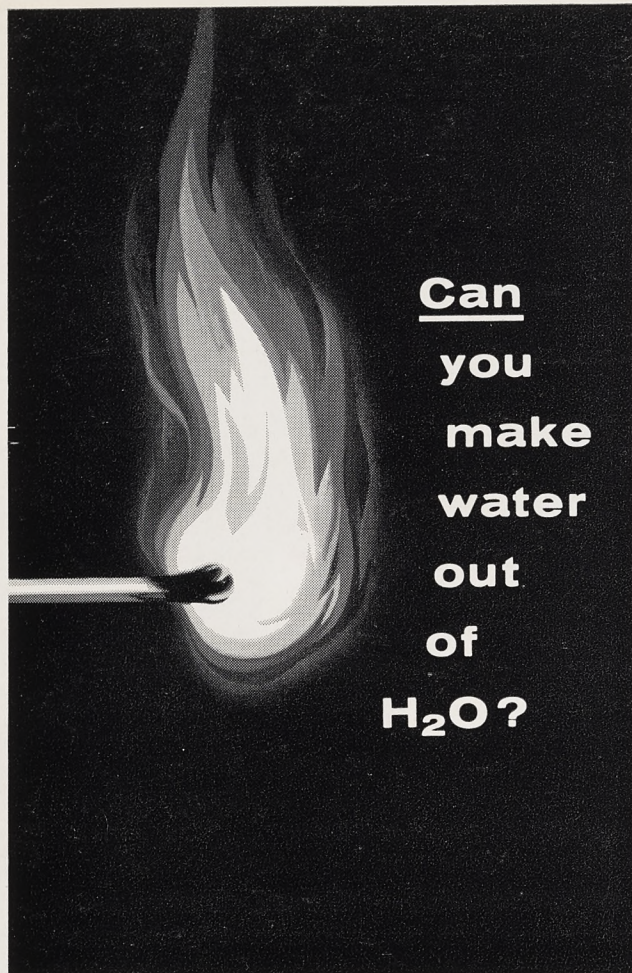
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